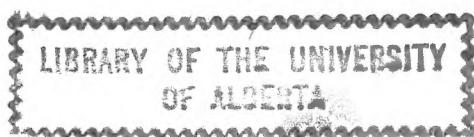
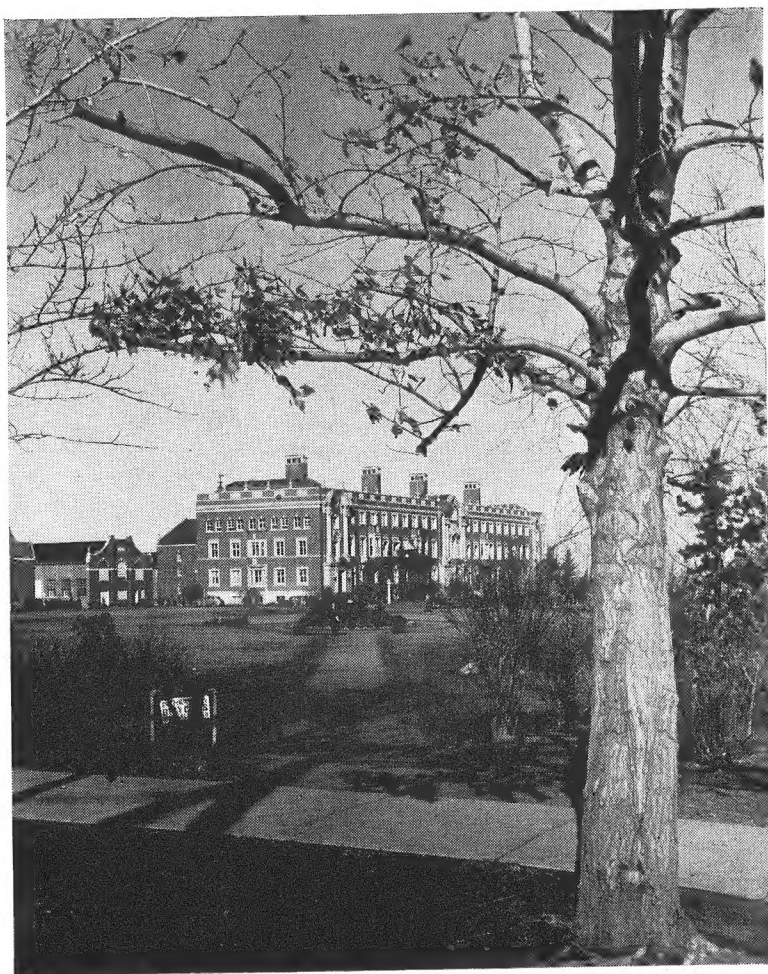


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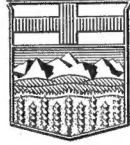


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Multiplying the Efficiency and Usefulness of Drafting Tables

BY W. W. PRESTON

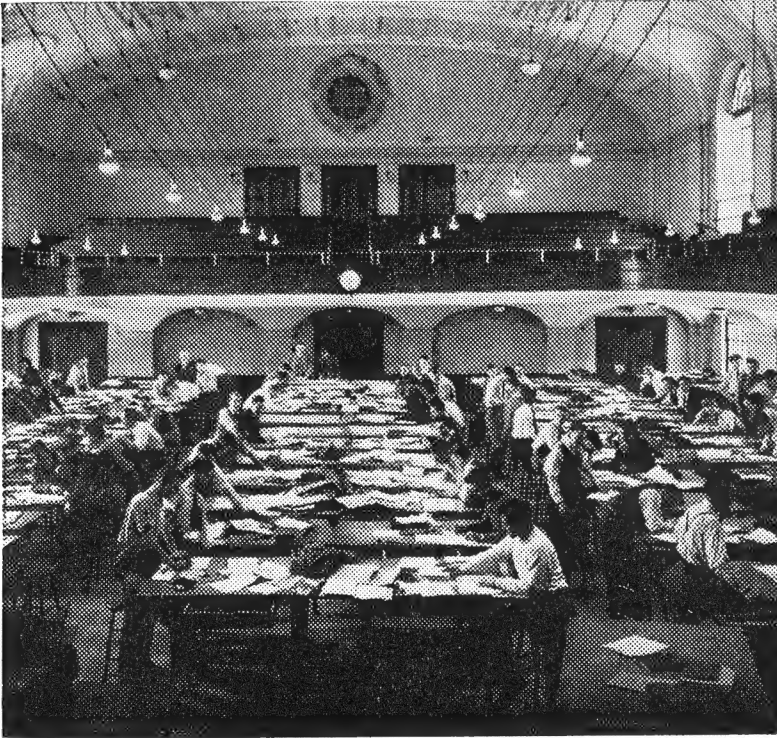
This is the story *behind* the changes which were made to an ordinary drafting table in order to improve its efficiency and increase its usefulness. The original table, with one-man capacity—like a rough diamond that could be polished to half the size in order to double its value—was made into a two-man table with each half better than the whole original table. If the new design were adopted in a drafting room, the number of students who could be accommodated on a given floor area would be increased. The illumination of the tables would be improved. Better working conveniences would be available for both students and instructors. Damage to equipment from improper storage would be eliminated. Finally, the table has features which make it useful for purposes other than drafting.

The original one-man drafting table was the same as those now used in our Drafting Laboratory (Convocation Hall). This table is similar to a common table except for its height above the floor. The top is 36 in. by 54 in., and is supported on legs of steel pipe about 39 ins. long, making the table top about 9 in. higher than the top of a common writing desk to permit a draftsman to work from a standing position. The tables are lighted by electric light bulbs at the ends of drop cords from the ceiling. Such lights cause many annoying shadows. The storage capacity of each table consists of two small drawers back to back just under the table top across its short dimension. These drawers are too short to hold one of the most essential drafting tools (T-square). Occasionally students leave this tool projecting from the drawer, and, when they return later, find that the projecting portion has been broken off. There are so few drawers that freshmen and sophomores are expected to share them. Actually many students prefer to take their equipment to their homes risking it to damage by the weather.

The necessarily cramped arrangement of the tables in Convocation Hall produces many inconveniences. If the tables are set so the student works at the long side of the table, he has easy access to his drawer but cannot sit with his legs under the table because the drawer is in the way. And if the tables are set so he works at the short side, he can sit at ease but has difficulty with the drawer. It opens towards the drawer in the adjacent table, causing confusion, and is so short that it is often pulled out too far with the result that its entire contents, including India ink, are dumped on the floor. With either arrangement of the tables, an instructor must disturb a student in order to examine his work.

The shortcomings of our Drafting Laboratory, which is about as good as any the writer recalls seeing in most of the universities across Canada, were a challenge to investigate the requirements of an ideal drafting table, and to design a suitable arrangement of the tables for use of students. The considerations which have led to building a sample table, will be developed rationally from an analysis of the physical requirements for drafting.

* * * * *



The most efficient table will have a top area as large as needed and no more. It is assumed that students taking drafting courses will use sheets of the smaller sizes recommended by the American Standards Association, viz. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 11 in. or 11 in. x 17 in., and that the maximum size ever used will be 17 in. x 22 in. The drafting area proposed as ideal for these sheets is 24 in. x 36 in. (which is just larger than the next size A.S.A. sheet). The drafting area does not provide enough room for instruments and books, but their provision will be considered later. Thus the minimum size of table top will be 24 in. x 36 in.

The top of our present drafting tables is equal to two ideal drafting areas. From the standpoint of table size alone, a more efficient use of the table should be made by placing two students instead of one at each table.

There will be only as much floor area around the ideal table as is needed for working at the table and for moving in traffic channels. A draftsman sits or stands at one edge of the table and (assuming he is right-handed) holds the cross-head of a T-square against the edge to his left. See Table A in Fig 1. The floor area adjacent to a long (36 in.) edge of the table is needed for standing room, and the floor area to the left, where only the edge of the table is needed, will be suitable for an aisle. The remaining edges are not useful to the draftsman. The floor beside these edges will be wasted too unless the tables are arranged so that

a useless edge of one table is next to a floor area which is useful for another table.

The most obvious arrangement of small tables whose top is one drafting area, is in rows and columns as suggested in Fig. 1. But since a draftsman uses only two edges of a table at a corner, another draftsman can use the edges at the diagonally opposite corner of a table whose top consists of two drafting areas. See Table A, Fig. 2. Now both short (36 in.) edges and half the lengths of the long edges are useful. The remaining halves of the long edges are wasted. Two-man tables can be arranged as in Fig. 2 so the floor space next to the wasted edges at one table corresponds to the standing room required at an adjacent table. This is the arrangement recommended for our University tables. A still more compact arrangement of the tables makes use of the fact that a draftsman uses only the portions of the edges which are close to the corner of a table. If students were placed at the four corners of a table whose top consisted of four drafting areas, as in Fig. 3, the edges and floor around the entire table would be useful.

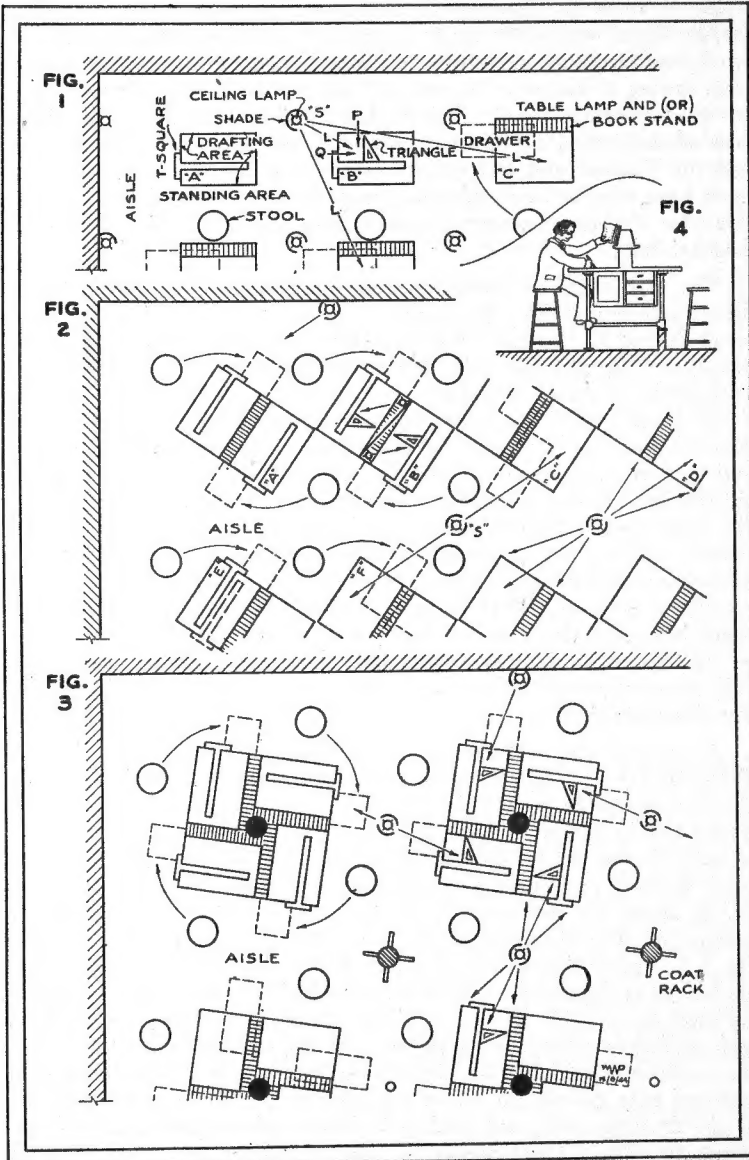
The comparative efficiencies of different arrangements of tables is not easily expressed. Seating capacity is important but is independent of efficiency. Consider a room 32 ft. 6 in. square. If we ignore efficiency and crowd tables which are double their necessary size into this room, the capacity can be 30 people (35 sq. ft. per person). With the arrangement of efficient, one-man tables shown in Fig. 1 the capacity will still be 30 people. With two-man tables as in Fig. 2, the accommodation can be 40, crowded, but 32 gives better aisle space (26 sq. ft. and 33 sq. ft. respectively per person). Four-man tables as in Fig. 3 would hold 36 people (29 sq. ft. per person). The figures would change for a different size of room, as each arrangement will have an ideal floor requirement. A better basis for determining the efficiency of a table arrangement would seem to be passage facilities. On this score the four-man table arrangement obviously has the preference. It could also be suited best to building columns. However, the choice of arrangement for our University tables was determined by the fact that our present tables could be changed with least cost into efficient two-man tables.

* * * * *

No plan, however compact it is, will be efficient unless it provides proper illumination. The problem is involved because a lamp which gives satisfactory light for one drafting area may cause shadows at another or may be so exposed that it dazzles someone's eyes.

For common writing or freehand drawing the light should come from the left so that the pencil or pen point will be illuminated. If the light came from the right, one's hand would cast a shadow on the working area.

A drafting table must be lighted so that the draftsman's tools do not cast shadows. The requirements will be explained from Fig. 1, Table B. The T-square has a straight edge or blade which is about an eighth of an inch thick above the table and can cast a shadow. The usual position for the blade is left to right across the table, and the draftsman always holds his pencil against the edge farther from him. In order to prevent the blade from casting a shadow where the draftsman is drawing a line, the



light must come towards him, as shown by arrow P. Another tool known by its shape as a Triangle can also cast a shadow because it too has a height of about an eighth of an inch above the table. The Triangle is usually placed with a 90° angle on the left, and the draftsman holds his pencil most frequently against the left edge. In order to prevent the Triangle from casting a shadow at the pencil point, the light must come from the left as shown by arrow Q. But the light had to come toward the draftsman when he used the T-square alone. Thus to prevent shadows from both the T-square and Triangle at any drafting table the *main* light must come from outside the forward left-hand corner of the table, as shown by arrow L. A certain amount of general illumination is needed for drawing diagonal lines.

The difficulties of providing proper illumination are increased when there are several tables. One-man tables are commonly lighted by ceiling lamps located at random. Any one table will receive light from several lamps, and the drafting tools on a table will cast an overlapping pattern of shadows of different degrees of darkness depending on the distances to the lamps. With the tables and lamps arranged as in Fig. 1, the undesirable light can be controlled by putting shades on each lamp except in the quarter from which the desirable light comes as at S. However, with the common spacing of ceiling lamps at the same arrangement of tables the lamps would have to be so bright that men nearest them would probably suffer from eye strain. This is especially true when work is done on larger white sheets. Another solution, which would be best for an irregular arrangement of tables, is to use individual table lamps. As table lamps bring the electric bulbs much closer to the drafting area than do ceiling fixtures, there is more difficulty obtaining a uniform intensity of light across the table. Fluorescent table lamps would be ideal, but their cost eliminates them.

A two-man table requires light in the direction of the arrows shown at Table B, Fig. 2. If the tables are also arranged as in this Fig., the illumination can be supplied by ceiling lamps above the aisles as at S, but shades will be needed to limit the light to the drafting areas on the left of table F, and on the right of table C. This light must not reach the other drafting areas near S or the one to the left of table D. Where ceiling lamps are impracticable, as for movable tables, a table lamp is preferable. The design proposed for our University tables is sketched in Fig. 4.* The hood runs across the table between the drafting areas. Bulbs are located at the extreme ends of the hood and are separated by a diagonal partition as at Table B, Fig. 2. This prevents the right hand bulb for each draftsman from causing shadows on his drafting area. The top of the partition should be just higher than the bottom of the hood to let reflected light go over the top of the partition and shine on the right side of the drafting areas, and produce a fairly uniform distribution of light across the table. The tendency of light to reflect from the table to the draftsman's eyes is greatly reduced by painting the table below the lamp

*The writer wishes to acknowledge the contributions made on the design of the table lamp by the University electrician, M. H. Millar.

in dark green. Much of the light which does not illuminate the drafting area is then absorbed.

A four-man table can be illuminated by ceiling lamps as shown in Fig. 3. Shades are needed on the sides of the bulbs to prevent light from falling on drafting areas where it will cause shadows.

* * * * *

Important though the size, arrangement, and illumination of drafting table tops is in estimating the efficiency of a table, the deciding factor is how conveniently the draftsman can work at the table. Features which make his equipment more accessible will save his time for productive work. Also features which add to his comfort and reduce his fatigue and make his work more easily seen by instructors will increase his useful drafting.

Books and reference sheets used at the common drafting table will be spread out on its large top area (that is why it is large). Actually only the drawing, for which the drafting area was designed, must be flat on the table. The books can be up-ended on a stand at the back of the drafting area. In this position they can be seen more easily and will use considerably less table area. The book-rest recommended for our University tables is the inclined surface of the lamp shade which consequently serves a double purpose. See Fig. 4.

The first consideration in designing a drawer is that its dimensions must be large enough to accommodate *all* one's drafting equipment. The T-square determined the size of the drawer proposed for our University tables. But only when the ideal size of drawer is placed in the ideal location does greatest efficiency come. Some schools provide tiers of drawers along a wall and instruct the students to take their drawers to their tables. Confusion results. Part of the space below a table is needed for leg room but the remainder can be useful, besides convenient, as storage room for the drawers. There should be as many drawers under a table as there are students using the table.

Too frequently the usefulness of a drawer is limited to its storage capacity. At many tables the drawer opens toward the draftsman. Before he can stand at the edge of the table to work he must remove his instruments, scales, pencils, and other equipment from the drawer and park them on the tables—losing individual items among the others. He closes the drawer to start working. This inconvenience can be overcome by locating the drawer so it opens to the left side of the table. See Table C, Fig. 1. If the top of the drawer is at least a couple of inches below the top of the table, the draftsman can handle the cross head of his T-square with his drawer open. And if he has arranged his equipment orderly in his drawer, he is ready to start drafting almost as soon as he opens his drawer. He removes equipment only as he needs it. The feature of this design is that the open drawer is a useful working area like the table top.

A short student cannot work efficiently at a very high table. He should be able to bend his trunk forward over the table without discomfort. This means that the tables in a drafting laboratory should have legs of adjustable length. Or there should be a range of table heights to suit an average class. As the legs of our present tables consist of two pipe lengths, various table heights could easily be provided.

An efficient table arrangement will satisfy the needs of both right and left-handed students. A left-handed person, sitting at a row of tables where students are placed side by side and close to each other will interfere with a right-handed person to his right, because the left-handed draftsman uses the right edge of a table and his right-handed neighbour uses the left edge of his table. In the saw-tooth plan of tables, Fig. 2, a right-handed person may sit at any table, but a left-handed person must sit at an end table in any row. He will enjoy all the benefits of the right-handed person and will not have interference from right-handed neighbours. The table lamp is made suitable by removing the diagonal partition and using one bulb. The four-man table will not accommodate a left-handed person unless it is designed for four such people.

Features which improve instruction benefit both the student and the instructor. Drafting laboratories where the students are sitting in a row side by side, as in the photo of Convocation Hall, have the distinct disadvantage that when a student leans over his drawing, an instructor, walking behind the student, cannot see his work. If a student appears to have no difficulty, an instructor may pass by to a man who appears puzzled, but actually the man who is working diligently may be working incorrectly. With an efficient table arrangement, Fig. 1, 2 and 3, an instructor standing beside a student's table has a direct view of his work. If the instructor wishes to demonstrate a solution, he should change places with the student so the student does not have to look over the instructor's hand. One other feature which simplifies the instructor's work, is to have stops on the drawers so that they cannot open too far into passageways.

* * * * *

Drafting tables of the proposed design are useful for other purposes than drafting. With no alterations or adjustments they form first class study tables. The book-stand makes them preferable to flat study tables. Non-engineering students who are unaccustomed to high stools may feel uneasy sitting at a greater height than usual from the floor. Two solutions are possible. The drafting laboratory could be reserved as a study and reading room for technical students. Or the drafting table could be designed so its height could be lowered when it was to serve for reading. The simplest adjustment would be to have the length of the table legs correspond to those of a common writing desk, and then, when the table is to be used for drafting, elevate it and make the legs rest on pedestals fixed to the floor as shown on the right in Fig. 4. The arrangement of the tables makes them suitable for exhibitions, registration, examinations, any many other purposes requiring tables.

* * * * *

The ideas expressed in this article are growing old. It was realized five years ago that our University drafting tables would be more efficient as two-man tables than for individual use, but it was not until a couple of years ago that the saw-tooth arrangement was suggested. Working drawings were made of the revisions to our tables, but they were doomed to "future files." In the last year the drawings were uncovered again and a successful sample of the proposed design built for office use. There is hope that a few samples will be built for students' use in the drafting laboratory.

Teacher Training in Canada

BY A. E. OTTEWELL

In undertaking to open the discussion on the subject of teacher training, I am well aware that the topic deals with one of the most contentious of the many controversial questions in the field of education. To begin with may it be granted:

1. That there never has been in any place or at any time a perfect program of teacher training.
2. That there never will be a perfect one.
3. That there have been and are now good teacher training programs.
4. That there can be steady improvement.

At the risk of dealing in truisms may I state our problem. We have, as the result of experience, gathered together a body of knowledge. This material has been sorted out and arranged in a more or less orderly fashion, chiefly in the form of books, but there are, as well, institutions and traditions to be studied and assimilated.

By means of organized education we undertake to enable our children to bypass as it were centuries of trial and error, and, in a few short years, to have a better understanding of life and its needs, in some respects at least, than the wisest man alive a century or two ago could possibly have had. Before the time of organized education and science, each generation was compelled to recapitulate in its own experience what others had learned in the same way, and progress was almost imperceptible.

The social instrument for this speeding up process is the school, and the central figure in the school is the teacher. Our problem is how best to prepare the teacher for the task in hand.

Perhaps we can all agree that the first requirement is that the teacher should have a thorough knowledge of the material to be taught. At the elementary level this is not very difficult. A good high school education will provide all the subject content which a teacher in the elementary school needs, and more than she can directly use. With the intermediate and high school grades the case is quite different. Here the teacher must enter new fields in a different way. Science as such is introduced, mathematical concepts as distinct from elementary skills are brought in, our own culture and the cultures of other peoples come under examination through languages and social studies. A reasonably sound working principle is that no one should teach a subject who has not had at least a year's instruction in it beyond the level at which he is teaching.

And an even more important and difficult problem must be faced, that of guidance. As we all know, both by observation and experience, vocational choices are made by most youths during their 'teen age period. Intelligent choice depends upon reliable information and advice. Normally parents should be able to help. Sometimes they are unable to assist and even are a hindrance. Many teachers have not the experience or background to give needed aid. This is true whether we think of the professional or other possibilities. I have myself seen a so-called boys' counsellor of high school boys who himself was not a high school graduate. All

of which comes to this: the irreducible minimum of general education which any teacher in grades beyond the elementary school must have is a university degree.

This is not meant to imply that the university graduate is, *ipso facto*, a competent guidance counsellor. But, other things being equal, he should by reason of the additional maturity and wider contacts experienced during his university career, be more competent than the younger and less trained teacher. The danger will be that he may be biased in favor of the professions and seek to direct students to the university who ought not to go there at all. It is just as important to advise pupils what not to attempt as to steer them into suitable occupations. Maturity of judgment and sympathetic understanding are the essence of successful guidance.

The second essential qualification of the teacher is a sound training in the technique of his work. Teaching methods, psychology and philosophy of education, class management and school administration, are all of them indispensable. In my own experience, more teachers have been failures because of inability to secure and maintain pupil co-operation, than for any other reason. This used to be called discipline, a term no longer popular, but a rose by another name is still a rose.

Teaching skills and techniques are equally necessary at all levels of school work. Teachers must, if they are to succeed, receive a good deal of pedagogical training. This, however, should not consist of what has been called a bag of tricks. It should be based upon a solid foundation of philosophy and psychology to an amount not possible of provision in one brief year of normal school imposed upon high school graduation.

There should be even greater emphasis placed upon practice teaching than is done at present. Such work should be more carefully observed and commented upon, and more time should be spent by capable and sympathetic advisers in assisting pupil teachers with their difficulties. One of the most skilled workers in this field told me he thought one of the great defects in teacher training at present is the inadequacy of corrective advice.

There seems to be general agreement that a one-year professional course is insufficient. There is also the fact that, other things being equal, intermediate and high school teachers are more effective if promoted after some experience and more extended training from the elementary grades. (I am not at the moment dealing with the view held by some that all teachers should have university degrees.)

Is there a plan which can bring together most of the desired features of teacher training? May I outline briefly the program now being projected in my own province and which, it is expected, will be put into effect as soon as the armed forces vacate some of our buildings which they at present occupy.

The plan in brief is this. On graduation from high school at the senior matriculation level, the prospective teacher will enter the Faculty of Education of the University. After two years of training, including a liberal amount of practice teaching, the successful student will be recommended for an elementary and intermediate certificate valid from grades one to ten; at the end of three years, a junior certificate for the high school valid from grades seven to eleven; and after four years, the Bachelor

of Education degree and the senior high school diploma valid from grades seven to twelve.

Some of the details dealing with certification are still under discussion and there may be a rearrangement of the grade distribution or other minor changes, but these will not affect the plan in principle. Included in the work of the four years will be almost identically the same number of subject or content courses required for the pass B.A. or any equivalent degree, plus the necessary professional courses. Provision is made for those who wish to take household economics, commercial or agricultural courses sufficient for them to qualify in those subjects. Other specializations are provided for in the language, social studies, mathematics, and science subjects.

The scheme has the merit from the teacher's point of view that, from the day the student teacher begins training, all work done leads to a degree and there are suitable stopover points where he or she can drop out to gain experience, or to replenish finances, or indeed permanently, when satisfied with the status secured.

We have an increasing number of smaller high schools where two or three teachers must carry the work, and we feel the plan suggested will fill the staff requirements of such schools. There are of course a limited number of city and town schools where the one or two-subject specialists can be used, and their needs can still be met as in the past by honor graduates in the respective fields. I am bound to say, however, that it is a rare thing indeed with us for an honors graduate to enter school teaching. Research, commerce, and industry claim almost all of them.

When the plan I have outlined is in full operation, all teacher training in the province will be under the direction of the University through the Faculty of Education. A start has been made with this summer session in which at the present time over one thousand teachers are enrolled, taking work which will carry university credit.

Actual certification will be in the hands of the Minister of Education. There will be an advisory committee, composed of members of the University and of the Department, for the purpose of necessary consultation and co-ordination. We expect great results from the plan which, I may say, has the cordial approval of the organized teachers who, incidentally, have a representative on the Faculty of Education.

However, no scheme of teacher training will alone solve our problem. There will, I am sure, be general agreement that we need better qualified teachers. We would like larger numbers of them who will regard teaching as a life work rather than a stepping stone or a stop gap. The teachers on the other hand wish to know what inducement we have to offer them to take more expensive preparation. We are in a vicious circle. Better teachers, more salary. Better salary, better teachers. If we are both to get what we want the deadlock must be broken and we, as organized trustees, have an obligation to do what we can in the matter.

In this brief and I hope provocative introduction I have not attempted to exhaust the subject of teacher training. I do hope I have said enough to stimulate discussion in which it is to be hoped there will be a general participation.

FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY*

*Quarterly Report**New Friends:*

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Total during 1943	\$1,533.32
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The Executive Committee of the Friends of the University has allocated funds in hand as follows:

\$1,000.00 is set aside to assist worthy students of the University who may need financial assistance in continuing their studies.

\$500.00 is granted as this year's contribution toward a guarantee of publication of a manual of Alberta flora proposed by Dr. E. H. Moss.

\$100.00 is granted for the purchase of books to build up a special Shakespeare library.

\$100.00 is granted for the purchase of books to build up a special library of Mediaeval History.

The Committee has also undertaken to provide a dark-field microscope for the use of the Department of Bacteriology and a high-power microscope for the Department of Anatomy. Prices and availability of these microscopes are uncertain, but they are expected to cost, together, in the neighborhood of \$400.00. The Committee trusts that these allocations will meet with the approval of Friends at large.

*Friends of the University are those who subscribe five dollars a year or more to provide scholarships and research facilities, extras, for the University. They receive *The New Trail* without further subscription.—Ed.

Canada's Farthest West

By H. W. HEWETSON

This article is about Yukon Territory.

Yukon, of course, lies far to the north; it is as near the North Pole as the Northwest Territories with the exception of the District of Franklin. But in some manner Albertans have come to regard "The Northland" and synonyms for it as referring exclusively to the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories. So that if Yukon cannot be distinguished by latitude, it must be differentiated by longitude.

Though many people know that Yukon time is an hour slower than Pacific time, few seem to realize that Yukon lies to the west of most of British Columbia. Vancouver and Victoria are both east of the most easterly point in Yukon Territory. (When you look at a map to check this, remember that the north-south direction follows the meridian lines and not the edge of the map.) Vancouver is ten degrees west of Edmonton, but the Yukon-Alaska boundary is eighteen degrees west of Vancouver.

The point that should be stressed is that it is high time that Albertans stopped concentrating exclusively on the possibilities of the Northwest Territories and made an attempt, at least, to become aware of the existence of Yukon. By means of the airway and the Alaska Highway, Edmonton has become one of the gateways to Yukon, and though Vancouver still has better access to the tradesmen's entrance (via Skagway and the White Pass and Yukon Route railway), it seems foolish for Alberta to overlook opportunities to share in Yukon's trade and future development. It is not enough to regard Yukon as merely a stopping place on a future air route to the Orient; the possibilities of development within the Territory itself should be investigated.

The war has taken many Albertans over the southern boundary of Yukon as far as Whitehorse. Many of them have their first degree as sourdoughs through having seen the ice form on the rivers and melt in the spring. But how little they have acquired the Yukon "bite" is shown by the fact that to the great majority of these people a reference to "Dawson" means only Dawson Creek. And forty years ago Dawson City was known throughout the world!

Yukon is not simply a frozen tundra. According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Yukon had produced up to the end of 1942, \$237,259,043 worth of mineral wealth. As of the same date the Northwest Territories had a total production of \$19,341,079. The 1941 census showed the Northwest Territories to have much the larger population of the two, but three-quarters of Yukon's population were *white*. The white population of Yukon was about two and a half times the white population of the Northwest Territories. (At the present moment, of course, Yukon's population is swollen by about 40,000 people, a number approximating that present in the gold rush days at the turn of the century.)

Historically Yukon has been known to white men since 1840 when Robert Campbell of the Hudson's Bay Company entered what is now Yukon Territory from the Liard River. His explorations led to the

establishment of Fort Selkirk where the Pelly River joins the Lewes to form the Yukon River. Fort Selkirk was burnt down by Indians in 1852, and the Hudson's Bay Company did not return to it till the nineteen thirties. Meanwhile the Company had established Fort Yukon where the Porcupine River flows into the Yukon. This post was abandoned in 1869 when it was proved to lie in American territory. Fur trading, however, has continued down to the present, but it was left in the hands of other companies and private traders until shortly before the present war. The Hudson's Bay Company then returned to make a serious effort to share in the trade, but has not yet reached a dominant position.

Mining prospectors have been in Yukon since 1869. It is not generally realized that gold in considerable quantities was taken from the Big Salmon River, the Pelly, the Stewart, the Fortymile, the Sixtymile, and other rivers long before the great discovery was made in the Klondike in 1896. Just who made the strike is a matter of dispute, but Discovery Day is annually celebrated on August 17th. The story of the fabulous quantities of gold to be found in the Klondike led to one of the greatest gold rushes in history. The whole forms a very romantic story but one of extreme hardships. By the winter of 1898 it was estimated that there were 35,000 persons in Dawson. Dawson was made a city, and a territorial government was set up with an elective council. In 1901 Yukon was granted a member of parliament at Ottawa. These political arrangements still continue.

The Klondike river flows into the Yukon from the east at Dawson City. The "Klondike Region" occupies about four hundred square miles, and consists of the Klondike river itself and its many tributary creeks (Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, etc.) and pups. (According to Yukon mining law, a stream must have an average width of at least 150 feet to be called a "river." Otherwise it is a "creek." A "pup" is a tributary of a tributary of a tributary.) Individual miners panned gold from their claims until about 1908 when big companies began buying them out. At the present time the Yukon Consolidated Gold Mining Corporation Limited—a British-financed company—exercises a virtual monopoly over the gold-mining activities in the region. The work is carried on with massive dredges, of which because of the man-power shortage only three of the eleven are now operating. Gold mining is still very profitable. It is conservatively estimated that there is still \$100,000,000 to come out of the Klondike. Before the present activities at Whitehorse the Klondike region was easily the most productive and populous in Yukon.

It is difficult to estimate the present population of Dawson City. It covers about seventeen blocks by nine and is pretty closely built up. However, many of the buildings and houses are unoccupied. It may be that there are fewer than a thousand people there now, but the city has the buildings and institutions of a much larger place. A newspaper is still published three times a week (25c a copy), two banks still do a good business, and several hotels and stores still operate. The city with electric lights and telephones since 1900 does not have the air of a small town. It has wealth and a past.

Minerals are to be found all over Yukon, but the next most important area for mining is the Mayo district. Mayo is situated on the Stewart

River, with the principal mines at Keno Hill about thirty-five miles away by a good road. While traces of almost every known mineral have been found in this area, mining activity has been confined chiefly to lead and silver. Because of heavy transportation costs the mines operated only when prices were right. Since the war the mines have been closed and most of the population has left for the war or lucrative work at Whitehorse. Mayo has also lost its telephones to Whitehorse. The latter obtained this service for the first time only about two years ago.

Other mining activities of Yukon which may be mentioned are the copper from near Whitehorse and the coal from half a dozen places, the principal one being Carmacks down the Lewes River from Whitehorse. Whitehorse copper ceased being mined about 1930, and coal production for a number of years has been very spasmodic. However, the Dominion government at the present time has several geologists scouring the Yukon. The mineral wealth is undoubtedly great, but high transportation costs hold back the continuous development of everything but gold.

Aside from furs and minerals, what else has Yukon? Agriculture is worth looking into. The Dominion government is establishing an experimental farm to the east of Whitehorse for this purpose. Except in the vicinity of Whitehorse, the soil of Yukon seems to be very productive. The almost twenty-four hours of sunlight in summer causes vegetables to grow to an enormous size. But all this is for local consumption. Again transportation costs prohibit shipping anything outside.

Yukon's possibilities as a livestock producer should be considered. Caribou roam everywhere, and there seems little doubt that domestic animals could be easily raised. The prediction was made many years ago that North America would in the future have to look to the north for her meat supplies. And Yukon could well be part of the north for this purpose.

Lumbering is not so promising. Most of Yukon, unlike the Northwest Territories, is a high plateau, and trees growing at an elevation of over 3,500 feet are rarely good timber. However, there are numerous valleys with good stands of fairly tall trees. A pulp and paper industry is a possibility.

Lastly, the tourist industry should be mentioned. Undoubtedly a large number of the American army personnel and construction workers who have been stationed along the Alaska Highway will revisit the country in the post-war era. Yukoners are not so hopeful of tourist traffic along the highway as are people at this end; perhaps they appreciate the great distance involved better than outsiders do. However, Yukon has had tourists for many years and the probability is that in the future there will be more of them. The usual route has been by boat from Vancouver or Seattle to Skagway, thence 110 miles over one of the most picturesque railways in the world to Whitehorse, followed by a delightful steamer trip down river to Dawson City. In fact, one can go two thousand miles by boat to the mouth of the second largest westward flowing river in the world. Most of Yukon's pre-war tourists, however, left the railway at Carcross (formerly Caribou Crossing) about forty miles south of Whitehorse. Carcross is situated among the very scenic and long lakes (average

about a hundred miles) that form the headwaters of the Lewes-Yukon River. Lake trips are made from Carcross, which is also headquarters of Northern Airways, Ltd., to Atlin and Telegraph Creek, B.C.

One of the most hopeful things about Yukon's future is the probably great post-war development of Alaska. Yukon has not the varied climate and resources of Alaska, particularly the latter's mild coast and great fishing industry. But if Alaska attains even one per cent of its prophesied 10,000,000 population, Yukon cannot help but benefit.

If the projected northern air route to the Orient becomes an accomplished fact, and if the Alaska Highway is maintained, Whitehorse will remain a much more important place than it was before the war. Southern Yukon at least should boom.

All in all Yukon is promising, and Albertans have nothing to lose by investigating it.

Land of the North-West

BY J. L. IRWIN

It is a far cry back to the days of '98. To be able to recall the memories of forty-six years ago is not given to everyone. Many who can do this are tempted, by caution or by conceit, to refrain, leaving the job to others who are either more indiscreet, or perhaps more honest.

Echoes of the Yukon's trumpet-call in '98 were heard in every country of the world. Response to its clarion notes was made by every type of society in every land. Weird and wonderful were many of the outfits which arrived at the beginning of the trail. Tragedy was the reward for countless numbers who attempted it.

Two routes were chosen: first from Skagway, and second overland from Edmonton. The first was the most obvious and more generally used. Of the numbers who tried the second very few survived to reach their journey's end. Many turned back finding the odds too hopeless. Others struggled on only to leave their bones to bleach beside the trail as a gruesome reminder of the laws which governed that rugged, interminable land.

Interminable describes it. It is an unknown hinterland, two thousand miles in length and a thousand in breadth. A land of mountain ranges, impenetrable forests, and mighty rivers—a land of the wild, ruled for countless centuries by the wild animal life which has adhered strictly to the code that might is right. To mankind, now entering this domain, the code still holds. Might in endurance, vision, and faith must accompany those who enter if they wish to survive.

It is a land of wealth—vast, unknown and, so far, immeasurable. It is a land of beauty spots comparable with anything the world can offer. Last, but by no means least, it is a land where present civilization may and future civilization will enter, and, by development of all its resources, will eventually present to the world at large a new and mighty empire.

In the days of '98 and in the long period before, entry by men into the North-West was made by pack-horse train in summer and dog-sled in

winter. Food, guns, and ammunition to cover long periods of time had to be carried to make survival possible.

Explorations were made by prospectors, hunters, and survey parties, both government and railway—the former for the purpose of obtaining preliminary information, geographical and geological; the latter, seeking suitable rights of way to the Pacific Coast. To all of these the rigid laws of the wild applied. Provisions and necessary equipment were required to guard against disaster. The compass was man's closest friend—without it success was impossible and life itself was endangered.

The most spectacular penetration of the North-West ever to be made was unquestionably the first that ever was made—carried out by Alexander Mackenzie in the spring of 1792. He had followed the great river now bearing his name in the hope that it would turn west and lead him to the Pacific Ocean he sought. But it continued north steadily and flowed into the Arctic.

Returning to the Peace River area, disheartened but still determined, he spent the winter of 1792-93 at Fort Fork, seven miles up stream from the present site of Peace River town. In the spring he and his courageous followers, protected only by a few Indian guides and with the primitive equipment of that period, reached the Pacific Coast by the overland route and inscribed on a rock at Bella Coola his name and the date of his discovery. The expedition, upstream, through mountainous terrain and through hostile Indian country took only four months to accomplish from the time he left Peace River for the coast until he returned again.

A century and a half has elapsed since then. Explorers have come and gone, the experiences of each contributing to the history some day to be written covering the vast North-West frontier of North America. Slowly, grudgingly, step by step, the wild has revealed its secrets.

Then came the aeroplane and the exploits of the pioneering bush pilots. Contacts were made in ever-increasing numbers with remote and isolated posts. Once again it was a story of attacking the unknown in its most dangerous aspect. Dangerous because of its lack of development, which presented so many hazards, and dangerous because of flying under such conditions without the protection of modern planes, airports, flight strips, beams, and all the present day development of aerial navigation.

Many stories of adventure, accompanied by real danger, are to be told by the daring bush pilots of this period, who were preparing the way for the advance of civilization. Their advent was invaluable to the North-West. Mercy flights were made in cases of accidents and sickness, and aerial surveys supplied urgently needed information covering enormous areas. The ingenuity and daring of mankind was bringing the unknown closer year by year.

Then came the war, and Pearl Harbour, the invasion of the Aleutians by the Japanese, the menace to Alaska and to the great Pacific area. The proximity of war on the North American continent became an alarming possibility.

Alaska's immediate protection became essential. The sea route for transport of guns, munitions, and all supplies was endangered by the threats of enemy surface and submarine naval craft. There was only one solution

—the creation of an overland route, a highway to Alaska. In two brief years it was built—from the end of steel at Dawson Creek in British Columbia, adjoining the provincial boundary of Alberta, to Fairbanks, Alaska—an original distance of 1,600 miles, now shortened to 1,520.

The power of desperate necessity has accomplished in two short years what might have taken a hundred under normal conditions. The highway is finished and it is gravelled along its entire length. Over three-quarters of that length it is equal, if not superior, to any main highway of the settled west. Every twist and turn is marked by reflector signs of red glass, mileage posts are established at every mile of the road so that one's position may be ascertained whenever desired, and warnings against hazards are erected wherever necessary. Telephone poles follow the entire route carrying eight wires, and all underbrush is cleared from the line with a view to efficient maintenance. Bridges of modern construction cross innumerable streams, rivers or marshy ground—every type of bridge from small but well built structures resting on cement piers to monsters in steel spanning greater distances. More than 75 per cent of the road is smooth and hard—a finished permanent job. The remainder is still rough in places because of muskeg disturbance which engineering efficiency will soon counteract. So complete and up to date is this great, modern highway, now heavily covered by traffic of all kinds—buses, cars, trucks, tractors and road maintenance equipment—that it is very difficult to realize as one travels speedily over it that only two years ago the country it went through was considered an impenetrable hinterland.

There are many beauty spots, Muncho and Kluane lakes in particular. The crossings of the Liard and Big Delta are noticeable for their spectacular and scenic effects. At many points the mountains are very close and present lovely and impressive pictures.

It is a hunter's and fisherman's paradise. The smaller streams abound in trout—speckled, Dolly Varden, and other species. The larger rivers in the northern end are filled with greyling, and lake trout grow to a considerable size in the Teslin and Kluane lakes. For big game there are mountain sheep and goat, moose, caribou, deer, bear—black, brown and grizzly—timber wolves, black and grey, foxes of different species, lynx, and occasional cougars or mountain lions. Smaller animals of different types are equally numerous. The whole represents a huge, unexplored region in which fur is abundant and unexploited.

Minerals of all varieties are reported to cover many wide areas in the proximity of the road. Reports received regarding their extent are most favorable and would indicate much activity in the mining programs of the future. In the meantime official information, resulting from geological surveys on a large scale, is awaited.

With the coming of this anticipated development, subsidiary roads east and west of the highway will spring into being. Settlements and isolated posts will grow as a result and, step by step, the frontier will roll back.

This is the present picture. A great highway, modern in every respect, has cut through the entire length of the North-West. It was built as an emergency road, equipped with everything that present day facilities could provide and rushed through as a necessity of war. It is now offered to a





world approaching peace as a major step towards the development of the country it traverses.

In travelling over it one is constantly under the impression that the journey is being made over an old established highway of the settled world. On each side of it, however, for many hundreds of miles, the primitive life of past centuries continues unchanged. The changes will come, but it may take many generations to complete them. It will take also patience, endurance, and understanding, as practised by the pioneers and explorers of old, before the transformation is complete.

After Fifty Years

By F. G. ROE

On July 10th, 1894, a father and his two boys looked out as beginners on their Alberta homestead some nine miles east of Blackfalds, and rather more southeast from Lacombe—since the coming of further railways into the region, more easily identifiable as being one mile east of the station at Prentiss on the Canadian National branch to Rocky Mountain House. On July 10th, 1944, the present writer, the sole survivor of the family now residing in Canada, stood on the old spot again, for the first time in thirty-five years.

I take no shame in saying that at first—speaking not in figures, but the literal and sober truth—I did not know exactly where I trod. It is on record that the great Jim Bridger, the renowned plainsman-guide, who had penetrated the Western passes to the Pacific and had trod the shores of the Arctic Sea, once found himself unable to recognize the familiar valley of the Medicine Bow in Wyoming, which had not deceived a companion much inferior in experience; and it is similarly recorded that our own Peter Erasmus, an unsurpassed pathfinder on the Saskatchewan plain-lands, was lost more than once. So I sinned in good company. After all, one is hardly "lost" until he can't find his way to some spot he does know. The circumstance of my own temporary confusion would scarcely be worth mention except as an arresting index of the changes which thirty-five years had wrought.

The very routes by which we finally reached our destination were utterly strange to me. What had been our main lines—"highway" had not yet made its appearance in our local terminology—were now frequently mere trails, sometimes actually grass-grown; and the road-allowance trails of yore, and others which in the old, free, unfenced days had never even been chopped or broken out as the faintest of tracks through the scrub-and-timber lands, were now main motor highways. This factor was the main cause of our undoing. Less than two miles away from Lacombe, the Stettler-Coronation highway deserted the old familiar route "through the spruce bush" east of the town, in favour of the next "cross-line" south. A mere glance at the respective altitudes at which the two roads met the first of the series of transverse ridges which were to be crossed, whose intervening valleys are drainage basins toward the far-off Red Deer River, revealed the reason for the change and likewise its wisdom; but to find

oneself on a line which had only once been followed—approximately—during fifteen years in the locality, and then on horseback with a considerable amount of plunging through unbridged mudholes, creeks, and quagmires, was of little immediate help.

Then again, by a sort of subconscious reminiscent urge, the automobile—a thing I had never seen until after leaving the district in 1909—seemed mentally to have been discarded for saddle or wagon. I found myself, as it were, computing the distance to the point where I must leave the highway and strike south on "dirt road," in terms of *time* rather than mileage. Curiously also, my informant before leaving Lacombe—himself an old-timer—made no mention of miles or road-allowances or "corners" to be passed before turning south. "You'll see three houses close together, etc."—very much as we should have said in the old days (had there ever been three houses close together). As a result of this mental aberration, one scarcely dreamed of associating six or seven minutes along the highway with anything like *four miles!* Under the cumulative effects of these processes of reasoning, I felt fairly well satisfied that after changing on to the prescribed "dirt road" at the three houses, I should still have some more "easting" awaiting me in order to reach Prentiss.

When at last I turned southward from the highway, I found myself with little leisure for abstract speculation on mileages or directions. The mileage in the direction I was going proved quite sufficiently engrossing for one man's full attention. The "dirt road" plunged almost immediately into the woodlands. As I suspected and subsequently learned, it had "rained cats and dogs" on the Saturday night; and this was only Monday morning, well before noon. The road-allowance (which had been cleared no more than trail-wide) ran through a high growth of young poplar, impenetrable to the winds, which the sun could only reach for a couple of hours or so, about high noon. Far ahead of us I could see where this narrow aisle terminated in open country, a consummation devoutly to be wished. The trail had been ditched at some time just sufficiently to reveal the imperative necessity of avoiding both Scylla and Charybdis; and the soft poplar or "blueberry clay" surface, which at no time bears much of a sod in those shaded woodlands, had been further deteriorated by the top dressing of sticky gumbo from the ditches. At the moment, one could neither back up nor turn in event of trouble; the only hope on a slithery trail, where most of the way a slightly drier track precariously spanned the central twin sloughs of despond, was to keep one wheel on the grass, and in the worst spots of all to "step on her" in a mild hope of getting through. Those open fields, which afar off had looked so green, proved on reaching them to be a hay-slough, where the trail was bordered with fairly deep ditches, now brim-full; while the roadway between was but little higher than the surface-level of the slough itself. As I have intimated, while at the wheel I scarcely dared to glance to right or left, lest I miss the strait and narrow path of safety. But when I walked ahead for a space to reconnoitre how and *where* I should get the car through this saturated area, I had a chance to look around me. A man's foes are those of his own household! I discovered I was straggling along a road-allowance which I myself had been the first to fence over forty years ago. For a scant mile away I spied a farmstead, house, and buildings clustered on

a small hill, a mere blob, a blister on the landscape, which I knew had no fellow anywhere for miles. From this I speedily picked up other landmarks, and an uneasy quarter of a mile between the devil of the ditch and the deep sea of mud brought us out to the "south-west corner of 30," where for a time at least we stood on solid ground, and might dare to breathe. The elevators at Prentiss, in search of which I had occasionally stolen a glance toward the eastern horizon, were half a mile to my west; and from that *datum*, adjustment was easier.

June, 1944, is already tabulated among the wet Junes of meteorological history in a land where the "June rains" were at one time a proverb—now occasionally more dishonoured in the breach than the observance. The rank, lush growth was consequently such that at some little distance it was not easy to determine whether the deep, rich, encircling green of the landscape was grass or grain. I presently discovered, as I got my bearings better, that much which I at first took to be grass *was* grain. And as I scanned the valley fore-and-aft in search of ancient landmarks, I began to realize something of the nature of the transformation before me. The years might fall away as a garment; but the changes which the years had brought could not so easily be conjured out of sight. The radical alterations were two, complementary each to the other; and alike fundamental and profound. So much of what had formerly been solid woodland was open; so much of what had formerly been open now bore great clumps and copses and spinneys of wood and thicket. The plough had spared but little of the valley; but what had been spared was fast thickening into parkland; and on some of the yet remaining timbered ridges, I later encountered white poplars over twelve inches in diameter, on the very ground where I myself had been glad to designate as "logs" anything above six inches through.

It was this spontaneous and irrepressible growth, an evolutionary re-conversion of the prairie-lands of this area back to their earlier forested condition, which only cultivation can permanently arrest, that rendered it almost impossible to identify any small plot or site with absolute precision. The plough obliterates much, here as in the lands of classical archaeology; but the plough is not the only agent. Where a cellar had once been, or the "dug-out" (earthen) floor of our first house—of sod—proved undiscoverable. Over the spot where my mother had her first Alberta garden in 1895, a railway track now runs, on a ten-foot fill. By reason of the acute angle of the fence line and a small but hummocky hay-slough near by, that particular corner had clearly not been cultivated for years, probably not since the railway came. But after the rains and frosts of five-and-thirty seasons, with a matted growth of grass belly-deep above the rich black loam, approximation was the best one could achieve. Neither the eye nor the touch could find any vestige of pit or shoulder where plough or spade had been. Conversely, as my travelling companion and I picnicked at lunch after these vain imaginings, this being her first vision of the scene, we could gaze up a slope and over a low ridge of the unbroken green of the heading wheat, where in my first winter, among the stumps whence came our earliest log home, morning after morning we shot or snared the cotton-tails which made the most of our meat.

One favourite spot at least had changed but little. On that hot July day in 1894 we first discovered a lovely little swimming hole along the tiny creek—"away down the creek," as we used to express it. It may perhaps serve to indicate how little our comings and goings were ordered by road-allowances, so long as we had our unrestricted freedoms or the incomparable contour trails of our earlier pathfinders, that our swimming-hole "away down the creek" proved fifty years later to be in a bee-line along the same road-allowance (which crosses there) that ran before our sod house door. The sight of this Elysium on another hot July day, proved too much for my fellow-traveller. She insisted (by the double claim of duty and pleasure) that I—we—must have a swim in it now! Here we had a very timely and practical illustration of the growth of wood and shrubbery in congenial spots. In the old days when the only swimming suits I can recall—ladies didn't swim much then—were of the non-detachable, Garden of Eden pattern, there were occasions (with a main down-creek trail passing near-by) when the situation demanded something of tact and diplomacy to avert public scandal. At the present time, the kindly thickets could hardly furnish more effectual shelter had they been planted for the purpose; and most particularly, from any chance observers at longer range. For possible interrupters on the spot, we had been locally assured—or warned—that this precise mile was virtually impassable after the recent deluge. It certainly looked it; although after a careful prior reconnaissance we got through. But as it was, we took a chance; and I doubt if we ever enjoyed a swim more whole-heartedly. Even the subsequent discovery that we were intruding upon a centre of mutually-antagonistic ants while re-clothing ourselves, could not entirely damp our spirits.

It was after our swim that we seriously wished we could put the clock back in dead earnest, and exchange our car for a couple of saddle-horses. For having got into the valley, and being firmly determined not to tempt Providence by following that route again, we were in some difficulty how to get out without an enormous detour. For my own homestead—our home during twelve of the fifteen years—was yet to be visited, and there it stood on the hillside; but between it and ourselves was a great gulf fixed of little-used, half-submerged, swampy road-allowance, with a live spring in the very centre for a hundred yards, "soft enough to mire a saddle-blanket." After twice backing out for some distance—discretion being the better part of valour—we finally encountered a kindly guide, who very strongly advised us to leave the car at his gate and walk across. We did so, some two miles each way over hill and dale. But it was worth it. Friend wife had never seen the rich, virgin growth of the Alberta long-grass territory in summer before; and we drew nigh to the old homestead as we might have done when I first beheld it in 1895, walking waist-high in a perfect jungle of grasses, and stirring up clouds of mosquitoes at every step. The present occupant was unfortunately absent beyond call; but the house-door was open and the screen-door "on the sneck," so we were able to leave a note of our short visit.

Here again, contrast ran riot. Where once we had been embosomed in woods above and below, now in three directions—apart from a small, thick, natural shelter-belt left on the north-east and north-west, with an over-arching surprise view of the oldest field on the place, between the two

—one could see for miles. Somewhat as the ghost of a bygone lord of some ancient demesne might revisit his ancestral acres to see what the present heir might be doing about it, it was rather gratifying to note that now the (relatively) more leisured era had arrived, after the strenuous days of the first assaults on the wilderness, the tastes of the present owners—in respect of what was to go and what to stay—had agreed so largely with the dreams of the future in which we had ourselves indulged at times. The place recalled Tennyson—"all things in order stored; a haunt of ancient peace." One could not but feel pleased that so pleasant and beautiful a home (which enchanted my companion at first sight) should still be known locally by its first owner's name, "the Roe place." Like our own organisms, flesh and bones had been renewed, perhaps more than once. No single man-made feature was the same. But the spirit which giveth life was there.

More contrasts awaited us. In the "Pass" which divides the place, where the wet summers in 1900-1902, and again in 1908, raised the water-level eight feet in less than as many days, the waters were down again at the levels of 1894-98, when we made hay there and could haul it out in full loads off a firm dry bottom. In those years, the willows along the edge of the slough "lakes" were half an inch in thickness; and we went nearly three miles for good willow *posts*—not stakes. The same fringe now is an impenetrable *abattis* of solid stems, four to seven inches through, enough to turn a cavalry charge.

Perhaps the crowning contrast was the great Highway. One reads occasional "Letters to the Editor" denouncing the unspeakable condition of this or that main highway; and not having seen them, one presumes a measure of justice in such complaints. Our earliest trails were in almost all cases, good; we could go where the going was good. But to compare the modern gravelled road—even second or third class highways—with the ways of 1900 and after, when the insane straight road allowances were being rigidly fenced, and followed perforce yet not improved in any manner, made an old-timer wonder what some people do want! One thought of Isaiah, who probably depicts the contrast between some Canaanitish track and the great road to Damascus and Mesopotamia: "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert an highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain . . .*"

And what of the country-side at large? I can well recall our dismay, fresh from England, on alighting from the train at Red Deer, to discover that *this*—the Red Deer of 1894: two street-corners in the scrub; the one place up the Calgary and Edmonton line where the surrounding country cannot be seen—was what people called "the Garden of Alberta"! We had interpreted that—having no other key nor medium—to mean another Kent, as like as two peas to the "Garden of England." Now, after fifty years, the phrase rose irresistibly to our lips. The lady at my side, who was born almost on the borders of the Garden of England and knows it well, described the eight-score miles of our journey from Edmonton south-eastward far beyond Stettler, as "one continuous garden." I was of no mind to gainsay her. We felt ourselves to be citizens of no mean land.

My Day---at the University

BY L. V. P. (LEE) JOHNSON ('31, '33)

Monday, 28 August, 1944, was *the* day—the day upon which, after an absence of nine years, I visited the University. On the previous day I had broken my tour of the prairies (in the interests of tree breeding) by stopping off in Edmonton and had been comfortably installed in the home of Art ('39) and Beth Paul on 104th Ave.

After an early breakfast Art and I went by crowded bus and streetcar to the Administration Building on 109th St. where Art is employed by the Department of Lands and Mines. After completing a small matter of official business, I visited Cyril Kenway '35 who is in charge of records and filing in the same department.

Then into a Whyte Ave. car and over the High Level Bridge to Steen's (don't mention Corner Drug to me). Then down 88th Ave. It might have been an Avenue of Sighs the way old memories slowed my steps and quickened my heart before this house and that—including the Algonquin. And so on to 112th St. and the Tuck where, over a cup of coffee, I made the acquaintance of the new proprietor—Mr. McCoppen's successor twice or thrice removed—who broke all precedents by declaring my repast "on the house."

Then to North Lab. by way of the corridors of the Arts Building. On second floor, North Lab., I came upon the first of the succession of old friends I was to meet this day: Bob (sometimes called Dean) Sinclair '18 and Jack Bowstead. We were still exchanging personal data when McElroy '33, '34 came along followed closely by Prof. Macgregor Smith. Then through old, familiar classrooms and into Dr. Fryer's office. No change there, except that the man at the desk was greyer than in the old days. He was going over examination papers from his Summer School course in Genetics.

Finding that Professors Sackville and Art McCalla '29, '31 were absent and that lunch time was at hand, I left North Lab. and headed toward the new Cafeteria which occupies a site just west of South Lab. In the Cafeteria vestibule I met Prof. Shaw from whom I had taken Bact. 2 fifteen years before. He remembered my face but not my name. I entered—and there was Jessie Mitchell. After all those intervening years, after all those hundreds of students who had come and gone, she knew my name. She should be on the faculty! Having selected my food, I sought a table and noticing Doctors Wyatt and Alf Leahey '25, '27 joined them. Was pleased to see Dr. Wyatt looking so well after his long illness. We talked mainly of the north country, newly opened up by the Alaska highway, from which Alf had just returned.

From the Cafeteria I made my way toward Athabaska Hall. What sacrilege is this! They (the military) have fenced off the residences. My way obstructed, I turned toward West Lab., and as I walked my eyes wandered from the Lab. building to the experimental field south of the road. I froze in my tracks. Another military building reared its ugly front up from that hallowed ground where in post-grad. days of '31-'33 I had grown *the* oat hybrids for my thesis. Sacrilege upon sacrilege!

Into West Lab. and up the stairs to the old office which I had shared with Walt Johnston '30, '31, '33, and which (now it can be told) Geoff Padwick, '31, '32 and I had used as sleeping quarters for two months during the depression summer of '33. Geoff and I were saving to go

away for our doctorates—he to England, I to Washington—and we practised extremes in economy. Once, very early in the morning, we were caught by one of our professors—who gave us some very valuable advice on how better to avoid detection! Geoff, by the way, is now Imperial Mycologist for India, living in New Delhi.

But to get back to "My Day." I went down to the greenhouse and found Ernie Thompson. Same old Ernie. He will never forget when the Field Crops 50 class "tubbed" me in the big sink for talking out of turn. Well, we dug up many an old memory, and then I went to see Dr. Henry. As usual we talked about almost everything. His hair is white now, but with his young face it serves to make him look more distinguished.

Going up to Dr. Sanford's Laboratory, I found Bill Broadfoot, Erin McAllister '31, '33, and Bill Cormack '31 all looking much the same. Erin has gone commercial—chemical fertilizers. Dr. Sanford and Larry Tyner '31, '33 were away.

Back to the Arts Building, I went to see the Dean Howes Memorial plaque and then up to Dr. Moss' office. Found he was out botanizing, but sent him a message through Mrs. Moss and will meet him in the foothills of S. Alberta.

Then to President Newton's office. Out, but would be in in about half an hour. So up to the museum where I met genial Dr. Allan. Still a few minutes to spare, so into the Registrar's office (meeting Dr. LaZerte on the way) to see Geoff Taylor. What an alumni association officer! He was getting my personal history up to date for alumni records when word came that Dr. Newton had returned.

I was pleased to find Dr. Newton still greatly interested in my forest tree breeding work, which was originally organized under him at the National Research Council. But I shall never forget the thrill I experienced when now, for the first time as President, he called me "Lee." I was unprepared for my reaction. My mind flashed back 17 years to the sunny September afternoon in Convocation Hall when, a half-scared country boy, I registered as a freshman at U. of A. Of all those registering that day none could have felt more insignificant than I. Now the President has called me "Lee." Truly, I have not lived in vain!

Dr. Newton wanted me to meet Professor Salter, editor of *The New Trail*. The matter arranged, I accompanied Prof. Salter to his office where he sat at Dr. Broadus' desk and we had a fine talk on tree breeding, concrete sidewalk construction, and those topics which lead naturally from the one to the other.

Leaving the Arts Building by the end door, we met President and Mrs. Newton, the latter looking tanned and fit after a holiday in Banff.

Taking leave of Prof. Salter, I went to the Cafeteria (it was now about 6:30) where, through a chance meeting, I dined with Dr. Sheldon. We talked mainly about Dr. Tory's new venture, Carleton College, which is such a conspicuous success in Ottawa.

Leaving Dr. Sheldon, I walked to 81st Ave. to visit Mrs. Norma (Baker) Eaglesham '32 and her three small daughters. Johnny '32 was on a field trip. Then to Dr. Porter's, 114th St.; but Helen '31 was away in New York. So out to the Highlands to stop with the Leonards an hour and then back to Art's and Beth's where I arrived at 10:30.

I close with a plea to those old friends who used to call me "Lilly Pansy Violet" (note my initials). I plead: please don't call me Eleanor!

THE NEW TRAIL

A Quarterly Report of Campus Activities

An official publication of the University of Alberta and its Alumni Association. Any person interested in the University may subscribe at the rate of one dollar a year.

Editor: F. M. Salter

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G. B. Sanford

The Attack on the Humanities

Following the lead of the Canadian Medical Association which several years ago requested the addition of a pre-medical year to the course for the M.D., and of the Bar Association which much earlier demanded the B.A. as pre-requisite to legal studies, the Dominion Council of Professional Engineers at their annual meeting at Quebec in May resolved:

That the Dominion Council of Professional Engineers go on record as whole-heartedly approving the principle of broader training in engineering curricula; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Deans of all Engineering Schools in Canada;

Further, that the Dominion Council of Professional Engineers is of the opinion that engineering curricula in Canadian universities do not provide for sufficient study of the humanities; and suggest that the Faculties of all Engineering Schools in Canada make a study of the question to determine how additional time may be made available without in any way curtailing the present engineering courses.

We understand that the addition of a full pre-engineering year to the various engineering courses would meet with the hearty approval of professional engineers.

The Department of Education of the Province of Alberta proposes to require two years training at University level for future teachers rather than the one year now required (with "modified" matriculation) in Normal Schools. Indeed, the Department and the teaching profession are said to look forward to the day when every teacher will have a university degree. The objective is obviously to provide for more humanistic studies in the curriculum of teacher training. This is a wise plan, for it must be evident that the teacher is the corner stone of any intelligent and advanced society—and equally evident that the profession incurs serious loss of prestige from what Mr. Ottewell calls stepping-stone and stop-gap teachers. Unless and until in every community the teacher can be looked up to as a person of

genuine learning and broad sympathies, the prestige of the profession will remain low, its power for good hamstrung.

Law, Medicine, Engineering, Education: all, through responsible societies and officials have demanded further humanistic studies of candidates to these professions. Who, then, makes that "attack on the humanities" of which we hear so much? Who is it that places Arts faculties "under fire"?

The Editor has heard much talk of this attack—and notably from an eastern college president—but cannot recall a single signed article expressing it. His friends seem to read no more widely. No responsible person anywhere, it seems, has been willing to acknowledge as his own any shot fired in the "attack on the humanities." A curious phenomenon.

The truth seems to be that of recent years there has been a sort of whispering campaign against the humanistic disciplines—and whispering campaigns, furtive and cowardly, sired by malice and begot upon ignorance, deserve—and evidently receive—nothing but contempt.

Only, in the academic world as elsewhere, the whisperer, the back-biter is likely to do appalling mischief; and there is in the modern world an apologetic and hurt defensiveness among humanists that is in the deepest sense tragic. They attempt to appease imaginary enemies, they desperately seek to give a factitious practicality and immediacy to fundamental subjects, and they stand in timorous gooseflesh though on the bed rock of eternal truth—they seem even to doubt the virtue of those principles by which alone civilization can survive.

The beginning of the academic year is a time for courage and for faith, for taking stock and for self re-dedication, for re-affirmation of those principles by which men live, for which men die. And in this sixth year of war when the resources of our lives are stripped to bare essentials, the Arts faculty may take heart to learn that practical men, the men who build bridges and railways, who channel electricity and the waves of the air to the use of men, who tear minerals from man-made gashes in the earth, and who construct machines of ever-increasing efficiency and utility, have said:

That the Dominion Council of Professional Engineers is of the opinion that engineering curricula in Canadian universities *do not provide for sufficient study of the humanities.*

There it is, out in the open and manly, in the broad light of day. Is there any debate on this proposition?

With the sunrise, creatures that love night skulk and slink away; and at this moment, after the long travail of war, we stand—let us not faint in doubt, but be strong in faith—at the pre-dawn of the first real civilization among men. Stand against it who may, the sun will rise nevertheless; it

will rise upon a new heaven and a new earth, upon a day in which "man to man, the world o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that." And brotherhood and civilization and liberalism and the humanities: these, if not interchangeable terms, are inextricably intertangled in meaning. The enemies of the humanities, in short, are the enemies of man: how could their attack be more than an insinuation, a whisper!

Of No Mean Land

The grass this year, says F. G. Roe in his "After Fifty Years," was belly-deep in the "garden of Alberta" as it was fifty years ago. "This spontaneous and irrepressible growth" which first impressed the lad fresh in 1894 from the cobblestones and smoke and grime of Sheffield, stir wonder again in 1944 in the man who has done his bit in hard work and intellectual achievement toward building the physical framework and the cultural endowment of this Province; and as he gazes about him on the old homestead, he feels himself a "citizen of no mean land." And no mean citizen of that land.

It is amazing in Alberta, with our clear golden air, how every view becomes lovely. It matters not whether the surroundings be of mountain, forest, river or lake or prairie, the distance is always beautiful—and the further distance, as eighteen hundred University boys and girls in the armed forces are learning, also lends enchantment to the view. But when the eye stops at the foreground, only too often the effect is one of shock. There is mud and dirt and squalor and neglect; we live in the land of tomorrow.

The grass, nevertheless, is still there though the bellies have gone. Only along mountain trails, half-broken pack-horses trudge sure-footed snatching at mouthfuls of sparser grass or clumps of wolf-willow, or plunge off into the spruce and poplar to the exasperation of wranglers. And when wild horses whinny from upland meadows, it is hard holding the train together. Only in the northland or on isolated farms to which motors cannot travel does the old grey mare or the strawberry roan, the sleek sorrel or the pinto pony hold its own in a province half-broken, or less, to the use of men. And with the further breaking of the wilderness, old ways are replaced by new, and the old songs fall strangely on our ears:

Oh, it's cloudy in the west and it looks like rain,
And I've left my gol-darned slicker on the wagon again!
But I've a foot in the stirrup
And a hand on the horn—

I'm the best damned cowboy that ever was born.

The cowboys have faded away with their songs and their humor. Indeed, the University opened its doors in the very year of the Last Roundup. We should collect their songs and their history, and we should not forget that these expert broncho-busters slipped the first cinch, fastened the first diamond hitch on the resources of the Province.

Resources! We have, as yet untouched, wealth enough for a nation, but many a cinch needs to be tightened before we can support the people who will throng here after the war, seeking the land of happy tomorrows. There is work to be done, and plenty of it. That is why our geologists and mining engineers have been ferreting out coal deposits on the Wapiti, gold on the Finlayson, our botanists exploring the foot-hills, our civil engineers studying the permanently frozen earth of the northland, our agriculturists patiently testing the soil that we may the more intelligently place new homesteaders, all of them adding to the splendid record of the hard-won information of the last thirty-five years. The list of field men might be multiplied: behind the intelligent modern conquest of nature stands the bacteriologist, the plant breeder, the chemist—in short, the scientist.

But it is not only the scientist we need. There is work for the engineer: boiling rivers and mountain gorges must be spanned with spider webs of steel, the white waters converted by electricity or irrigation to the use of man. There are new trails to blaze in earth and air, highways to blast through mountain and forest and plain, by aircraft and radio and radar. There is work for the educator: standing as we do mid-point between Asia and the western world, we must cultivate an awareness of our position and our responsibilities; we must prepare the framework of an intelligent and cultivated society. There is work for medical men and for teachers, for ministers of God, for artists, lawyers, journalists, administrators, public officials, and for the great rank and file: never, surely, in the history of time has any section of earth or any people faced so bright a future or so grave a responsibility as the people of Alberta now face. Many and many a time while the light shines steadily from the east (*lux ex oriente*), it will be cloudy in the west and look like rain; we shall need in the future enlightenment and skill in large quantities in this land where we sit back to back with Russia and the Orient, with one arm flung about the Rockies, and our feet on the American border.

It is time to lay far-sighted plans for housing, for social decency, for human dignity—but may we not also clean up our door-yards *now*, both literally and figuratively, that we and those who come after may always feel ourselves to be citizens of no mean land. The land of beautiful distances, the land of enchanted tomorrows, can also be the land of the strenuous and satisfying now.

The Editor Says:

We have long shilly-shallied about cluttering up the pristine beauty of our camp-site with advertising. Indeed, in some moods, we have felt that we ought to declare *The New Trail* a sort of game refuge or bird sanctuary never to be desecrated by the presence of the hunter—but, for good or ill, we are in the world and of it; without the world we live by and serve, the University itself lacks meaning, and we now submit to the rules of the arena. So doing, we are filled with a sort of wonder: can it be true that space in our publication is really worth money? If so, we have the deeper

gratitude to all those friends who have given us their good will and who have made it possible to enter into contracts that imply continued and regular publication. May we ask an extension of that good will toward our advertisers also?

And, speaking of advertising, we have seen—but never sent—Christmas cards that cost more than a subscription to *The New Trail*.

With Richard Ghiselin we continue the idyll of the *Fleur de Lys* after the point at which Collingwood's *First Mate's Log* leaves off. It is, as it were, a little bit of "kleine nachtmusik" drowned out in the din and fury of war. And that German student and our Dick—there it is: it is all there, the things we stand for, and the things we reject in this long nightmare of war. "Leo," says Dick, "was completely the product of the Nazi educational machine"—and, we rejoin, Dick was a graduate of our University. Dean Smith's fine memoir shows his quality, a quality that is also implicit in his writing.

A little contribution to the history of the Province, a sort of footnote, is provided by F. G. Roe's "After Fifty Years." Several years ago Mr. Roe was approved for the honorary degree of M.A. by the University Senate, but for reasons unconnected with Mr. Roe or his merits, the Senate later decided to postpone the award. Leaving school after the fifth standard in Sheffield, England, Mr. Roe has lived the life of homesteader, pioneer, and railroad engineer, and filled his spare time with hobbies that have brought him name and fame as an historian and investigator.

A. E. Ottewell's "Teacher Training in Canada" is the outline of an address presented by their President to the School Trustees' Association of Canada at their annual meeting in Toronto in June. We shall hope to have in the near future a more detailed discussion of the new scheme of teacher training to be set up in Alberta; in the meantime, it will be encouraging to the Faculty of Education and to the Provincial Department to know that their proposals have been publicly approved as a model for others to follow, by the President of the Alberta School Trustees' Association.

Persons unaccustomed to consulting technical drawings while reading, may find a little difficulty in assessing the striking contribution of W. W. Preston to the ease and efficiency of drafting laboratories. It seems amazing that engineering schools across Canada, and no doubt elsewhere, should be content with the awkward and inefficient equipment for drafting everywhere in use. In a day when even the kitchen has received the expert attention of engineers, it is astonishing that their own laboratories should be models of inefficiency. In the present shortage of library space, the University will be all the more interested in Mr. Preston's designs for a drafting lab. that could also be used as a study hall. We are pleased to add that orders for ten of the new tables have already been issued and that in this matter, as in so many others, the Cock o' the North struts ahead of the rest of the academic world along the path of efficiency.

"Books of Our Own" welcomes *Ten Years to Alamein* by Matt Halton. Time's revenges! Only yesterday or so, Matt was a freshman. Now he

lectures us for our sins, and one of his old professors re-adjusts the focus of his spectacles to review his book.

H. W. Hewetson has been engaged upon a survey of the transportation system of the Yukon under the Canadian Social Science Research Council. His article is a companion piece to J. A. Allan's "The Northland Echo" in our last issue. These articles are timely when we are taking stock and scanning the dim outlines of the future. A third article dealing with lands to which Alberta is the gateway was very obligingly written for us by J. L. Irwin, Supervisor of Publications for the Government of Alberta.

In this issue we print a number of views of the University taken from aircraft of the RCAF. To the officials of No. 2 AOS we are deeply indebted. Some of these pictures will go into the permanent records of the University.

Graduates who have no itch to write should keep away from the Editor of this far-famed journal, but we were astonished, after extracting from Lee (don't call him Eleanor!) Johnson a promise to do a bit about tree-breeding, to receive from him, unasked, "My Day." Dr. Johnson is on the staff of the National Research Council, Ottawa. Perhaps his "Day" will inspire others of our graduates to return to us and make glad our hearts with their happy memories. It is always good, if a little wistful, to learn that we were excellent teachers—umpteens years ago!

Finally, to conclude this commentary on the offerings of this issue, we are glad to welcome home as good (almost) as new, our own Geoff, whose absence will have made the hearts—so many of them out there in the beyond—grow fonder.

Around the Campus

Once more from a hundred fields of endeavor, professors and students return to the campus for another University year. How varied and manifold is the field work carried on during the summer, even members of the University itself hardly realize. Not only does the Department of Field Crops scurry from one experimental plot to another all over the northern part of the Province, but engineering and soil surveys are in full swing, botanical, geological, and zoological expeditions ransack the resources of the land, and even our economists, like Professor Hewetson who has been investigating the transportation system of the Yukon, have deserted houses and apartments for sleeping bags and tents. Students who assist in these thrilling summer games profess to find them of equal value with the winter session—an argument against the four-quarter system of classroom instruction—but the Province in which this work is done must derive inestimable benefits.

* * *

During the summer it was announced that the Federal Government would participate in the new tuberculosis sanatorium, originally planned to provide 200 beds, to the extent of an additional 100 beds, adding \$150,000 to the \$500,000 to be spent by the Province.

Meantime, the new Soldiers Wing of the University hospital looks more and more like a building and less like an upheaval of nature. The addition to the heating plant will also be finished by the time the Soldiers Wing is ready, after making a knowledge of geography essential to campus travellers during the last month or two. That is, the trenches for new heating pipes leading from the central plant have shut off familiar avenues and made the shortest distance between various points something like the children's puzzle of "snakes and ladders."

The Federal Government has also earmarked \$75,000 for bursaries to enable practising nurses to take advanced work at any university they may choose. A number of nurses who have won these awards, will be in attendance on the campus this winter.

A memorial to the late Mrs. W. J. Dick, who had many friends at the University and who died suddenly during the summer, is to take the form of a collection of reference books on such subjects as the theatre, art, music, and handicrafts to which she was devoted. These books will be placed in the University and Public libraries.

The Association of Professional Engineers of Alberta intends to raise the amount of the Webb Memorial prizes from \$25.00 to \$50.00 each. We plan to publish in future such of these prize essays as may seem suitable.

The Robert Tegler scholarships this year have been won by John Harvey Day, Westglen High School; Joyce Vivienne Perkins, University High; and Walter Goresky, Eastwood. Other such awards go to Wm. Heman Hurlburt, Vegreville; Israel Arnold Lesk, Medicine Hat; and Margaret Gwendolyn Guild, Lethbridge.

Registration for the new term is expected to exceed that of last year which, with Summer School, totalled 2,023. The new system of Guidance, largely as proposed by Professor Long's committee (see *July New Trail*), will be in operation and is expected to yield good results.

In co-operation with Calgary alumni, the Philosophical Society plans this year to send its speakers to that city. They are: C. R. Tracy, R. D. Sinclair, R. M. Hardy, Dr. W. F. Gillespie, and K. F. Argue. The year's program is said to be an unusually interesting one, dealing with the future of various faculties and professions.

* * *

The strategic position of the University at the crossroads of the future is recognized by the introduction this year of a course in the modern history of Russia, to be taught by Professor R. W. Collins. It is understood that this is to be only a beginning of Russian studies and that other courses will follow.

Alterations have been made in the course for the B.Sc. in Pharmacy. Formerly, the candidate for this degree served an apprenticeship of three years before entering the University. Under the new scheme, candidates may serve a reduced apprenticeship, or internship, during or after the University course. Other changes will follow.

The School of Dentistry is no more. The Faculty of Dentistry, with Dr. W. Scott Hamilton as Dean, takes its place. The University, there-

fore, now has seven faculties and five schools, plus the Banff School of Fine Arts and various affiliations. Parlor game for graduates: name the seven faculties and the five schools! The present quarters of the new Faculty are cramped and inadequate, but post-war building plans will perhaps provide the Dentists with a fine new local habitation as well as a name.

Dean MacIntyre of the Faculty of Law will be absent from the campus this year; he is spending the time in advanced studies in the east. As law students receive no postponements or preferences from military boards, enrollment in this faculty has dwindled, and it was possible for the Dean to absent himself with less dislocation of things than would normally occur.

We regret to record the resignation of Miss Grace L. Duggan. She has gone to the Department of Pensions and National Health where she will serve under another former University instructor, Dr. Bradley Pett, Director of Nutrition Services. Miss Duggan is to take charge of a field force of nutrition workers.

* * *

The distinguished service of Dr. Egerton L. Pope to the University has been signaled on his retirement this year by his nomination as Professor Emeritus. Our first Professor of Medicine, Dr. Pope took up his duties on the campus in 1923; to his ability and faithful service, the University is deeply indebted. One of the very few honorary Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, Dr. Pope is too valuable to Medicine in this Province to be permitted to leave the scene—the Provincial Government has appointed him Director of Cancer Services in Alberta. That Dr. Pope is also an artist, some of his former students may not know. We have therefore prevailed upon him to allow us reproduce some of his paintings in a future issue. He is succeeded as Professor of Medicine by Dr. John W. Scott.

* * *

Each of four instructors in painting at the Banff Summer School of Fine Arts this year purchased a painting from the work done by students, for the permanent art collections of the University. An anonymous donor selected and presented four others. There were 135 students of painting at the school and some 1,400 paintings from which to make a selection. It is understood that some or all of these eight pictures will grace the Cafeteria.

Attendance at Banff was very large this year, indeed double the registration of some of the recent lean years. We shall not omit to bring this fact to the attention of our advertisers, since the Banff School advertised this year for the first time in *The New Trail*! Moreover, we brought to Banff students of unusually high quality, persons who "knew what they wanted" and who came with clearly realized objectives.

Like Banff, but without the benefit of our advertising, the University Summer School had an unusually large registration. The Faculty of Education this year took over the courses ordinarily given by the Provincial Department of Education; and the courses thus given, many of them modified or altered or combined with others, will count toward University degrees. From all accounts, this re-organization was highly approved by the many teachers in attendance, of whom 83 finished work for degrees.

An odd postscript, typical of Alberta, is that three students came to the summer session by river raft. The roads having been washed out to the southwest, these pioneer and dauntless spirits, a girl and two boys, tied six logs together into a raft five feet by eighteen and made 70 miles down the turbid Saskatchewan in 26 hours. They foundered in log jams, lost clothing and provisions, as well as the indispensable frying pan, and placed a new and personal value on education—and not a soul among the summer students but envied them their hardships! Their names, for the record, are Sybil Clark, Ernest and Everett Marskell. We hope that no instructor so lacked gallantry as to “flunk” any of them—but, then, students of this sort would be both unsinkable and unflunkable.

* * *

The Committee on Rehabilitation of students in arms has found its hands full recently. Some twenty veterans of this war were in attendance during the summer, and twenty to the *nth* power seems to be the number likely to turn up during the next academic year. We hope to have an article on the human phases of this work in the near future. Members of the Committee report that those lads who have already registered are clean-cut, intelligent, and remarkably fine student timber.

No. 4 ITS will close November 10, and the residences will be returned to the University. After all these years when students have contributed to the war effort by living in all sorts of holes and corners, this is welcome news. Old graduates will more vividly realize the situation if we say that two classes of students have graduated none of whom ever set foot in Assiniboia, Athabaska, or Pembina. For still another class the restoration will come too late, as it is unlikely that any of the residences can be prepared for occupancy this year.

It should be remembered that No. 4 ITS also occupies the Normal School building, and that the availability of this building may hasten the new plan which gives teacher training in the Province to the Faculty of Education. The University also now presumably falls heir to the ITS drill hall, a structure upon which from our cramped quarters many envious eyes are cast.

If the residences and Normal School will be available in 1945-46, St. Joseph's will be free of the Air Force and Navy for the session of 1944-45. Like the rest of the University, St. Joseph's during the last few years has been like the old woman who lived in a shoe.

* * *

Looking back over these notes, we realize that we have said nothing about the weather! The subject has been too near us for comfort. In an attempt to apologize for the summer, the *Edmonton Journal* remarked that there had been no frost between the official limits of the season. Indeed there has been none yet (this note being added on September 26). We are also told that rainfall has not been excessive. At any rate, sunshine has been scarce all summer. But the lack of frost means that the leaves have not released their grip on the trees, and any avenue when the sun shines is a breath-taking vision of golden loveliness. The reds and scarlets do not appear in our autumn leaves—it must have been a season like this that gave us our University colors, for gold is definitely—in more senses than one—the color of Alberta.





University Honor Roll

These are they whom we delight to honour

The War Records Committee is grateful to those readers who have been good enough to furnish information for the Honor Roll. In order to maintain correct, complete, and up-to-date records the Committee renews its appeal for assistance and particularly hopes that service men and women and their next-of-kin will report changes of rank and address to the Assistant Registrar, University of Alberta. The following names have been added since July.

AWARDS

Distinguished Service Order

Acting Brigadier William Smith Ziegler, Applied Science '35-'39: July, 1944.

Order of the British Empire

Major Harold Lancelot Hurdle, B.Sc. (E) 1933: August, 1944.

Member of the British Empire

Major Donald Forbes (Tim) Cameron, Medicine '38-'41: August, 1944.

CASUALTIES

Killed in Action

Lieutenant Albert E. Brosseau, Law 1940-1942: August, 1944, in France.

Private Francis Irving Dewar, Arts 1941-1943: June 8, 1944, in France.

Flying Officer George Albert England, RCAF, Diploma in Pharmacy 1938: April 21, 1944.

Lieutenant Robert Charles Foster, B.Sc.(M) 1939: August 24, 1944, in France.

Lieutenant William Clifford Hewson, B.Sc.(A) 1942: August, 1944, in Italy.

Captain Walter Lloyd Hutton, B.A. 1937, LL.B. 1938: August, 1944, in France.

Lieutenant William Ward Knapp, Applied Science 1940-1941: July 21, 1944.

Major Francis Lionel Peters, B.Com. 1936: June, 1944.

Gunner Edward Craig Thomas, Arts and Law 1938-1940: August 8, 1944, in France.

Lieutenant George C. Yavis, Applied Science 1939-1942: May, 1944.

Missing

Flight Lieutenant Aubrey Abram Adams, RCAF, Arts 1940: June, 1944.

Flight Lieutenant William Wood Lindsay Brown, RCAF, Arts 1938: August 13, 1944.

Warrant Officer Frederick Sayre Dewis, RCAF, B.Com. 1933: July, 1944.

Flying Officer John Hurlburt, RCAF, Arts and Law 1940-1942: August, 1944.

Flying Officer Robert Aubrey Irwin, RCAF, Commerce 1938-1940: June, 1944.

Acting Major Leigh Morgan McBride, B.A., LL.B. 1942: June, 1944.

Flying Officer Thomas John Magee, Agriculture 1940: July, 1944.

Flying Officer Ian C. Robbie, RCAF, Applied Science 1939-1941: August, 1944.

Flying Officer John Henry Wilson, RCAF, Agriculture 1939: August 17, 1944.

Presumed Dead

Pilot Officer Joseph Cletus Allen, RCAF, B.A. 1933, LL.B. 1937: July, 1944.

Flight Sergeant Douglass Stanley Smith Kirkwood, RCAF, B.Sc.(A) 1942: June, 1944.

Lieutenant Kenneth Roger Sutton, RCNVR, Arts 1938-1940: September, 1944.

Sergeant Alan Wilmot Young, RCAF, B.A. 1937: July, 1944.

Previously Reported Missing, Now Safe

Flying Officer Donald Robert McCormick, RCAF, B.A. 1941, LL.B. 1942: August, 1944.

Prisoner of War

Flying Officer Harry Dereniuk, RCAF, Dentistry 1940-1944.

Pilot Officer Elwood William Stringham, RCAF, B.Sc.(Ag) 1940, M.Sc. 1942: August, 1944.

Wounded

Lance Corporal Timothy Michael Canty, B.Com. 1941.

Lieutenant Robert Clive Felstead, B.Com. 1940: July, 1944.

Trooper Marty Mickelson, B.Sc.(A) 1941: August 8, 1944.

Major William Allan Milroy, Commerce 1938-1940: September 1, 1944.

Lieutenant James Harper Prowse, B.A. 1938: August, 1944.

Gunner Ronald Beverley Simmons, LL.B. 1925.

HONOR ROLL

Navy

Burwash, Isobel Victoria (WRCNS)

Hewson, John Cecil

Keen, Jean Louise (USNR-W.R.)

MacKenzie, Walter Campbell
(Academic Staff)

Mackintosh, Murray Fraser (Fleet
Air Arm)

Murphy, Edward Franklin

Saville, Hedley Goodall

Schrader, Robert Coulson

Simpson, Kenneth McNabb

Stemp, William Henry

Watts, Ernest Hay (Academic
Staff)

Army

Armstrong, John Grant

Bartlett, Robert Frederick Moore

Block, Jesse Franklin

Dixon, John Howard (RCAMC)

Elliott, Alistair James Knox
(RCAMC)

Hay, Andrew James Stewart

RCAMC)

Jones, Marguerite Olwyn (CWAC)

Knoll, Donald James Valentine

Love, James Alexander

McAulay, John David

Melnyk Mary (RCAMC)

Ohlson, Robert Finlay

Olsen, Aubrey Aird

Romeyn, James Augustus

(Academic Staff)

Air Force

Bell, William Robert (RCAMC)

Brien, Frederick Blyth

Capsey, Persis Aileen (W.D.)

Dereniuk, Harry

Erickson, Harry Herman

Gelmon, Abe

Guitard, Arthur Alexandre

Kennedy, Lorene Louise (W.D.)

Mitchell, William Abbott

Moore, John Francis

Schonning, Egil

Books of Our Own

Matthew Halton, *Ten Years to Alamein* (London: Lindsay Drummond, Ltd., 1944, 12/6).

Matthew Halton (Arts '29) is too well known to most Canadians to need an introduction here. As war correspondent for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Halton has entertained his fellow countrymen by radio broadcasts that are noted for the vividness of his portrayal of the ever-changing picture of the fighting front in Europe. Now, Matthew Halton has written a book. *Ten Years to Alamein* is a record of his experiences as a foreign correspondent for a Canadian newspaper during the

fateful years in Europe which marked the rise to power of Hitler and his coterie of thugs, through the beginnings of a war which brought disaster every day to the freedom-loving people of the world, to the battle at El Alamein which ended the campaign in Africa and started the Allies on the road to victory.

The book is a combination of the author's personal experiences, either while interviewing prominent people of the time or on the battle front, and of various philosophies and political arguments about the events of the time. Halton was one of the small band who recognized quite early the significance of the rise of the Nazis to power and who tried in vain to warn the democratic nations of the approaching calamity. He saw his words unheeded and the nations one by one drawn into the maelstrom of war. When speaking of that time, the author's words often come white hot from his pen. He is embittered by the failure of democracy to see through Hitler's scheme and to take the necessary steps to combat his evil tendencies before it was too late. Halton attaches the main blame for this failure to the "ruling classes" in Britain. One can well understand the author's deep feelings on such matters as he was a witness later to the great unpreparedness of the British armies in the first battles of the war when with inadequate equipment they met the flower of the German forces.

Halton's portrayal of various personal incidents on the battle line are remarkably vivid. Here, he is undoubtedly at his best. He catches the philosophy of the soldier, whom he understands, and he has the flare of the newspaper man to pick and choose interesting items. He does not attempt to describe a battle in detail, either from a military or an historical point of view, but he is so apt in choosing the incidents he describes and so vivid in his descriptions, that one seems to visualize the tactical scheme of the generals, to smell the "gun powder" and the dust and the dirt, and to feel the grimness.

Halton is too wrapped up in humanity itself to write history with much historical perspective, but the chapters are apt to vary greatly in this respect. His chapter on the civil war in Spain seems to be written by a different person from the one who wrote the chapter on India. In the one case the author was deeply moved by the events he saw, and he was definitely partisan in the struggle; in the other case he was strictly aloof and did not "take sides"—his view was the "official side." Neither is the best chapter of the book.

The author has told his story from the "leftist" point of view, and undoubtedly leftists have the best story to tell. Whether the author has made his point as given in his preface, that it was "the paralytic, 'instinct of property'" which failed to stop the rise of Hitlerism, may be left to the individual reader to decide. The reviewer believes that the underlying reasons for the present debacle are not quite so simple. One could wish to see the author expand his title and write the book, "Twenty-five Years to Alamein." Irrespective of whether you agree with him on this point or not, Matthew Halton has written a remarkably interesting and intriguing book which it is hoped will be widely read and carefully considered at the present time in order that we may avoid a repetition of our past mistakes.

P. S. W.

In the Wide Wide World

HENRY ALEXANDER DYDE, M.C.

B.A. 1916; B.A. (Oxon.) 1921; B.C.L. (Oxon) 1922

"Sandy" Dyde was born in Kingston, Ontario, but received a considerable part of his schooling in what was then Strathcona Collegiate Institute, his father, that fine Shakespearian theolog, having come here to the staff of Robertson Presbyterian College. Those were the days when the garnet and old gold of SCI rose and fell in many a battle on and off the field, in the days when the war cry was "SC, SC, SCI, rumble, bumble, black his eye." Little did we anticipate the real strife that was just over the horizon.

Not a great deal will be said about the University years. The record seems to show, especially after the outbreak of war, an impatience to be done with books, which broke bounds in the late winter of 1916 before the final examinations. Enlisting then with the "202's," Sandy wound up in France first as a lieutenant, then as a captain with the famous 50th Battalion. After fighting at Lens, Amiens, Arras, and Cambrai, and winning the Military Cross and Bar, he found himself again a student, this time representing Alberta at Oxford as the 1917 Rhodes Scholar. It is worthy of note that in this position he had been preceded four years before by his brother, Walters Farrell Dyde.

On returning to Edmonton, Sandy hung out his shingle and practised law until 1939 when a new war beckoned him back to the King's uniform. In civil life he had served this community well as a lecturer in law at the University, as a member of the school board and, beloved by many an "old sweat," as first president of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Corps Association. In the capacity of secretary to the Defence Council for Canada he has risen to his present high rank. Here is an eminent graduate of the University of Alberta, distinguished not only for his intellectual achievements but also for his services to Canada, in peace and in war.

Colonel Dyde resides in Ottawa.

AILEEN DUNHAM

B.A. 1920; M.A. (Toronto) 1921; Ph.D. (London) 1924

Although the subject of this sketch came to the University from the high schools of Lethbridge, she is a Missourian by birth. An entry on her record says succinctly, "Grade XI—Stood first on University Scholarship list"; and that just about sets the tone of her later efforts. Scorning any mark less than first class (which in *those* days was eighty-five!), she quickly settled into her stride in history, jumping from course 2 in her first year to 57, 59, and 101 in her second. Nothing was ever more certain than that she should graduate with first class honors nor less surprising than that she should carry off the Gordon Stanley Fife Memorial Prize in History.

A most heartening aspect of one's fairly long experience as custodian of records is the achievement of fellow graduates at other, older, Universities. Wherever Albertans go the high intellectual standard of their Alma Mater is readily recognized. It is more than evident that Aileen Dunham's

merit was so recognized by the degrees which Toronto and London bestowed on her. How she must have enjoyed those days in the centre of the Empire, that very cradle of history, while writing a thesis on "Political Unrest in Upper Canada 1815-1936"!

Well before 1929 Dr. Dunham was back in America and, moreover, in the land of her birth. So quickly did she establish her reputation at the College of Wooster near Cleveland that the offer of an associate professorship in New York state brought an immediate counter offer of a full professorship at Wooster. Although she has remained there and is in all probability a citizen of the United States, there must be times when memory bridges the years and reminds her of her intellectual "home" at which she is not forgotten.

Dr. Dunham lives at 346 East Bowman Street, Wooster, Ohio.

THOMAS PAUL MALONE

B.A. 1936

Properly speaking this sketch about a journalist should have a headline; and a fitting one would be "Local Boy Makes Good." Born in South Edmonton during the First World War, of a family well known when that part of the city was called Strathcona, Paul received all his schooling there before entering the University in 1933. Most of his courses were in English, Philosophy, and Classics; hence there was time to spare for other activities! Of these *The Gateway* proved the most attractive (the leaven was already working), but a part in the prize winning junior play of 1935-36 and the directorship of the Public Relations Department rounded out a share in extra-curricular affairs that was profoundly to influence his later life.

In view of the newsgathering experience secured while at the University, it is not surprising to learn that Paul became and remained for three years a reporter for the *Edmonton Journal*. Thus he was directly in line to take advantage of an exchange plan for Empire newsmen inaugurated at that time. His first three months was spent at Leeds with the *Yorkshire Evening News*, and it was here that he gave his British colleagues a sample of Canadian audacity by bearding Prime Minister Chamberlain while the statesman was strolling incognito on a station platform. History does not reveal that any momentous "scoop" was achieved however. From Leeds Mr. Malone progressed to London for a further three months on *The Times* and following that was due for a long sea voyage to Australia when a chance encounter with a friend enabled him to fly to Port Said. In the southern dominion he was associated with the *Melbourne Argus*, including some time in the press gallery at Canberra for that paper and the *Sydney Sun*. On the staff of the *Sun* he met Deirdre Ingram and persuaded her to become Mrs. Malone.

After his return to Canada in 1940, Paul was again associated with the *Edmonton Journal* and later with the *Vancouver Province*. However, having tasted life "down under" and found it good, he could no longer be content at home. In November, 1943, he returned to Australia and is presently press attache in the office of the High Commissioner for Canada at Canberra. Another *Gateway* man has made his mark.

Richard Sommerville Ghiselin, 1913-1943

By G. M. SMITH

Richard Ghiselin died in Oxford on 4 July, 1943. He was one of the most promising of recent graduates of the University of Alberta. When the war began, he was a student at University College, Oxford, working for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and preparing a thesis (which he had virtually completed) on the work of the French mathematical philosopher, M. Meyerling. Rejected for active service as a result of his physical condition, the aftermath of poliomyelitis, he joined the Royal Air Force Observer Corps and in the days of the "blitz" combined the work of a "spotter" with his philosophical studies. Later, under the auspices of Sir William Beveridge, Master of University College, he joined the staff of the Ministry of Fuel and Power and, at the time of his death, was chief statistician of the Ministry.

During his time in Oxford and London, he had been one of the earliest to receive the treatment of the new drug penicillin under the direction of Professor Florey. His health, of which he never allowed his friends to be conscious, had been greatly strengthened under this treatment. It was assumed that he had achieved or was about to achieve complete recovery. In June, 1943, he went to Oxford for further treatment. An operation was considered necessary. While trying to build his strength for the operation, he died in the Wingfield Orthopaedic Hospital. He was buried on 7 July, in Wolvercote cemetery near Oxford.

"Dick" Ghiselin was a familiar and popular personality in the University of Alberta between 1932 and 1938. Here, as at school when he was first attacked by polio, his attendance was interrupted, but his work was never halted, by ill-health. He began as a student of Science. Later he transferred to the Honors Course in Philosophy. Throughout his course, his work was uniformly first class. He graduated in 1938 with first-class Honors in Philosophy, the MacEachran Gold Medal, and the first prize in the essay competition of the Philosophical Society. During his years at Alberta, senior members of the University were impressed by the way his fellow undergraduates quoted him. Undoubtedly, the sanity of his judgment corrected the eccentricities of his less mature contemporaries.

With his friends—Wilson, McClung, Garrett, and Collins, all of whom became Alberta Rhodes scholars—he was an obvious candidate for a Rhodes Scholarship. Barred from application by his physical disability, he became a Sir George Parkin scholar and in the autumn of 1938 entered University College, Oxford. The Parkin Scholarship was established by Mrs. Buck, Herefordshire, England, in memory of the first secretary of the Rhodes Trust. Ghiselin was the first Parkin scholar from western Canada. In a letter of May, 1940, Mr. Lionel Curtis wrote from Oxford to the founder of the scholarship about Ghiselin: "I must give you my deliberate opinion that this young man is absolutely first class stuff. I cannot remember any case in which a scholarship has been better used than in bringing him over from Alberta to Oxford. He seems to me so sound in mind and conscience."

At Oxford, Ghiselin found distinguished tutors. Among them were E. F. Garritt and the late R. G. Collingwood, who was then Waynflete Professor of Metaphysical Philosophy. In a letter commending Ghiselin for a further scholarship, Professor Collingwood wrote: "I feel bound to say that I have seldom met any of his years so well qualified by intellectual ability, by previously acquired knowledge, or by force of character, for the pursuit of this sort of study (Philosophy of Science). His mind is quick, keen, and powerful; his mind is both wide and deep; and he is a most determined and devoted worker." To Ghiselin, Collingwood has paid a more unconscious tribute in the pages of an interesting little book called "The First Mate's Log." This is an account of the cruise of Professor Collingwood and a group of Oxford students in the schooner-yacht "Fleur de Lys" in the Mediterranean in the summer of 1939 on the eve of the war. In the pages of this little book, it is not surprising to those who recognized his intellectual versatility to find Ghiselin appear as an able conversationalist of mature judgment. It is more surprising to find him praised as chief cook and particularly as chief engineer in charge of a sickly, and therefore mulish, Diesel engine.

About his intellectual versatility, there was no doubt. The combination of mathematics and science with philosophy had given him an all too rare intellectual discipline, and his maturity had undoubtedly been advanced and not retarded as a result of his early illness. Two careers lay open to him: he would have been a welcome addition to a department of Philosophy in any Canadian University and it is clear that he had already won for himself a position of responsibility in the British Civil Service. A trustee of the Parkin Scholarship says: "Everyone wrote and spoke so highly of him and he justified our choice by the place he made for himself in the work of England at the most difficult time in her history."

All his friends unite in stressing his immense courage and cheerfulness in the face of his recurring illness which character and achievement contrived to conceal.

"Richard Ghiselin's abiding monument in Oxford," writes Sir William Beveridge, "is the hopes which we all formed of him and the affection which he inspired."

LOG OF THE FLEUR DE LYS, NAPLES TO ANTIBES, AUGUST, 1939

By RICHARD S. GHISELIN

When we left Naples on August 22nd, the cruise seemed almost over. There were only five of us left; it was four hundred miles to Antibes; and in a week we expected to be back to the monotony of life ashore. We hoisted sails at dusk and moved out of our berth toward the harbour mouth. By the time we had cleared the breakwater, night had fallen and the Bay of Naples was rimmed with lights. Behind us were the lights of the city and the harbour dominated by the white floodlit castle. Off to the east were the lights of Pompeii and Castellamare, and above them, hanging like a chain in the sky, those of the funicular on Vesuvius. Across the bay to the south were the lights that marked Capri and Capri channel. To the west was darkness and the faint outline of Ischia Island.

We set our course to fetch Ischia Light and sailed out to sea on a cat's-paw breeze.

Dawn found us only a few miles west of Ischia, and all that day and that night we remained in sight of the island. We logged only a few miles but spent our time profitably, scraping and painting and arguing with Leo, the young German student who was sailing with us from Naples to Antibes. On the 24th a breeze got up during the morning and freshened steadily. In the afternoon it blew up rain and a magnificent thunderstorm. We were scrubbing the decks in the rain and admiring the lightning when suddenly out of nowhere a vicious thunder squall pounced on us and threatened to tear the *Fleur de Lys* apart plank by plank. We leapt to the halyards, and while the mainmast literally twanged like a harp string we wrestled the fore and main into their stops. The foresail came down quickly enough, but the main was slow as usual, and blew out four feet of seam before we could get it furled. We turned next to the headsails and found the foredeck in a shambles. While getting down the fore and main, the jib and staysail had been thrashing and beating with a fury that rivalled the storm itself. The strain was too much, and almost simultaneously the jib sheet parted and staysail tackle broke from its traveller. The jib sailed out like a balloon, then fell back and wound itself round the jibstay. The staysail sheet held for a moment, then it too parted and the staysail boom flew out in a tremendous arc and stuck straight up in the air, hung there for a moment and then fell back into the sail, ripping it clean across. Into this maelstrom of swinging booms, flying tackles, and waving tatters of sheets and sails moved Gil and David to capture and subdue whatever they could catch. While Kermit and I lowered away on the halyards, they gathered in everything that swung within reach and soon the maddened sails lay in a torn wet heap on the deck. The rain and thunder had passed, and the evening sun came out warm and golden. We sat on the rails making a libation of rum to the gods that had preserved our creaky old mainmast while the *Fleur de Lys* careened happily along, doing four knots under deck-house and shelter alone.

We spent the next three hours repairing the damage; new rings were sewn on the jib; the staysail was cut away and our spare one rigged; new sheets and blocks were bent. When I came on deck at eight o'clock, she was hurrying along at six knots with wind and sea dead aft. This was the first decent sailing we had had on my watch since my promotion to officer of Number 3 watch, and a real sea-going night it was, with wind and rain and a heavy sea. And as Kermit and I took hour and hour about at wheel and lookout, one thunderstorm after another came rolling up behind us, circled around with magnificent display and blew off towards the Italian coast. And one of them with the aid of the moon in the east set up a moonbow which showed itself in each lightning flash as a great black arch across the western sky.

By midnight we had passed Giannutri and were abeam of Giglio. The watch changed and we turned in—until two hours later when all hands were called on deck to lash the starboard dory against the heavy seas. The wind had freshened and the sea was rising, so we decided to run into the lee of Giglio island. But the Mediterranean wind, which can drop from half a gale to a dead calm in a few hours, died quickly and we were left

rolling and pitching in a confused sea not far off the northern coast of Giglio. We headed for the little port of Castiglione on the Italian mainland, and all that day we crept across the landlocked gulf with Giglio and Giannutri behind us, Elba and Montecristo to the north, and the long headlands of Piombino and Argentario ahead.

We anchored off Castiglione that night, spent two hours in the town next morning buying supplies, and were on our way to Elba by noon. By day Elba was dark and menacing, shrouded in mists and brewing thunderstorms in her inland mountains. But at night in the moonlight the mists gave the island a luminous ethereal appearance, and only the winking of the lighthouses told us that we were sailing close by rocky cliffs.

Next day we sighted Corsica and by evening we were off Cap Corse light, heading north. Our trip from here to the Italian Riviera was slow and uneventful. The two things that stand out are our meeting with a pod of whales, and a night of almost perfect sailing. Our meeting with the whales, a rare sight in the Mediterranean at any time, was all the more interesting now that we had all read *Moby Dick* and felt ourselves experienced whalemens. They appeared early one morning not more than a hundred yards off our port bow. We thought at first that they were our old friends the porpoises, but there was no doubt that they were whales when they reappeared a few minutes later off the stern, five of them in line, each in turn breaking the surface and submerging again in slow stately motion past our ship. We detected three others farther away, as they spouted and blew foam high into the air with a great sighing sound. We watched them and heard them blowing all day; and with the aid of Chapter X in *Moby Dick* we identified them as small Right Whales, probably strayed in from the Atlantic.

That night the moon rose full. We had begun our cruise two months before at full moon, and we were ending it now under the full moon's light. The cruise really ended that night, I felt. That one night of sailing was the epitome of all that had been perfect on the cruise—the sailing, the beauty of the sea, the serious talk, and comradeship, and music—and next day we were to feel the first tug of that whirlpool which was to suck us in away from all these things.

I sat at the wheel on an old mattress, smoking my pipe and steering by the stars of the Big Dipper. Above my head the tall white mainsail of the *Fleur de Lys* bellied out and up in a great curving hollow full of moonlight, and across its surface ran a changing diamond shadow made by the slow swinging of the lazy-jacks. The boat moved easily along before the light breeze, small waves lapped against the hull, and from out on the water along the moon's track came now and then the sigh of a whale like the voice of the sea itself. After a while Gil came on deck with orders and went below to turn in; but in spite of a hard day and a watch at 4 a.m., the night proved more inviting than sleep, and he reappeared, carrying the gramophone. We played first, as we always did when things were well with the *Fleur de Lys*, Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and from there we went on through most of the music on board. For two hours we listened to music; and while the stars threaded their way through the rigging and the others slept below, the *Fleur de Lys* slipped peacefully along in a wondrous shell of sound.

Next day we discovered that there was no such peace in the world to which we were returning, that it was, in fact, on the brink of war. We discovered it quite by accident; the wireless had not been used for several weeks, and we turned it on to see if it was still working. We tuned in a French station—music and then a news report. We were not much interested in news; there had been nothing portentous in the Italian papers the day we left Naples, and we listened to the news with our usual indifference. The day was the 29th of August. The news told of the meeting of diplomats, of exchange of notes, and movements of ambassadors, but oddly enough we got no sense of the gravity of the situation—the formulas were too familiar, we had had only a glimpse of the real picture. When a reference was made, casually and without amplification, to “la pacte entre la Russe et l’Allegmagne” we were startled; but since we simply couldn’t believe it, we thought we had mis-heard “l’Allemagne” for “l’Angleterre.” However, it was enough to make us apprehensive, and a little later our uneasy suspicion was confirmed by an English broadcast. The information was staggering; it was the exact reverse of what we had expected to hear, and through it the awful implications of the rest of the news became clear. Suddenly the outside world which had been so pleasantly remote all summer seemed rushing to overwhelm us, throwing a malevolent shadow before it.

What events were leading to we did not know then, but we thought it best to change our plans for the sake of Leo, our German passenger, and set him down at the nearest port instead of taking him on to Antibes as planned. Leo had to be back at school on September 6th; he had six months more to do at the “gymnasium” and then he was going to do his military service and go on to the university to study petroleum engineering. He lived in Aachen where his father was a postal official. He had been given a few hundred lire by his government to travel in Italy during the summer, and when we met him in Naples he had seen as much of Italy as he wanted to and jumped at the chance of travelling back with us on the *Fleur de Lys*.

Leo was genuinely interested in us; unlike many of the Italians we had met, his suspicion of us was quite impersonal. And after we had convinced him that we were not millionaires but students like himself, he was anxious to talk with us and point out to us our misbeliefs. On board the ship he worked hard and learned something about sailing; in cleanliness and “making order” he put the rest of us to shame. He was affectionate and considerate and soon fitted easily into the life of the ship. But normal as he appeared, it became apparent that he lived in a state of emotional tenseness. In discussions of politics, however cool and reasonable we tried to keep them, he quickly became excited and emotional; when we failed to accept any of the propositions he so firmly believed, his voice tightened, his eyes would gleam with a fanatical light, and he would burst into a passionate harague in German. It was useless to argue with him; a critical attitude of mind was foreign to him, logical distinctions meant nothing. The Jews were persecuted in Germany, he said, because they were bad, and they were bad because they took money from the mass of the people making a few rich men at the expense of the rest. “But don’t the Krupps do the same thing?” we asked. “Ah yes,” he said, “but they are not Jews.” Leo was completely the product of the Nazi educational

machine. He believed completely the racial, political, and economic dogmas he had been taught for the past six years, and he believed them strongly enough to fight for them. He believed war was coming and was anxious to see it come. He startled us by saying, the day before we got news of the crisis, that Germany would take Danzig and there would probably be war next week. Thus he was reluctant to lend us some lire which we needed (having none ourselves) to buy supplies in the Italian port. However, we were not accustomed, like Leo, to thinking of war as imminent, and we pooh-poohed his fears and borrowed the lire. But he was right, and we still owe a pound to Leo somewhere in Germany.

We sailed into the little port of Oneglia on the evening of the 29th. After close examination of our passports and the ship's papers, we were allowed out into the town. The street lamps had been painted blue and the town was almost dark. But there was an air of quiet movement; papers had just come in from Genoa, a crowd was listening to a loudspeaker outside a shop. The news was worse, and we decided to stay only long enough to bid good-bye to Leo and see him off on his train. We were standing in the square writing farewell messages in Leo's notebook; he had embraced us each in turn and we were saying good-bye when suddenly a searchlight battery thundered across the bottom of the square, soldiers clinging to the lorries, horns blowing. A moment later all the lights went out, and we were left standing in darkness in the square with a worried murmur of Italian voices all around us. Our one thought was that war had come and we were in the middle of it, but a few minutes later the lights came on again and, except that some of us were making rather painful efforts to appear nonchalant, everything was the same as it had been. However, we lost no time getting back to the ship, and by midnight of that dramatic day we were at sea again.

The rest of the trip has left only a confused memory of itself; the events of our lives have mingled so closely with the larger events of those four days that the cruise seems swallowed up and merged with the war to which we returned. In the last two days at sea our attention was claimed alternately by the ship and by the news that poured in from the outside world; we sailed along the lovely Italian Riviera in beautiful weather, past San Remo, Monaco, Nice; we listened on the wireless to the relentless march of events, evacuations, frontiers closed, mobilizations. At Antibes we groomed the ship and handed her over, and as we drank a last toast together in a cafe we heard that Poland was invaded. The rest is a jumble of impressions—of packed trains, soldiers, a woman crying, of riding on the steps of a coach to Marseilles, of Paris, empty and sad, of saying good-bye to Gil in the street amongst the sandbags, the channel boat running without lights, Victoria Station, London, Sunday, September 3rd.

With these events our journey ended; into them our voyage merged and faded as if it had never been. So great were the differences, so sharp the transition, between our tranquil ordered existence at sea and the chaos on land that, looking back on it, our life on the *Fleur de Lys* during those two months takes on an air of unreality. And yet so satisfying were those experiences, and so worth-while, that it seems at the same time to subsist with a reality that is almost tangible: for all of us it has left "deposited on the silent shore of memory, images and precious thoughts that shall not die and cannot be destroyed."

Alumni Notes

Dear Fellow-Alumni:

Back again, and not quite as good as new! When I woke up one morning last May over in the University Hospital, alumni were all around my bed—internes and nurses—and later in came the surgeon (also an alumnus) who had “flipped it out.” I never did see the alumna anaesthetist who was hauled out of bed in the small hours to put me to sleep. I always have had a great respect for what this University was doing to train professional people, but that experience certainly added to it.

Enough of the first person, perhaps too much! These notes will be only roughly chronological and, regretfully, quite scanty with respect to old-timers. Early in July William Fleming '19 of Summerland, B.C., dropped in for a visit. There he is in charge of plant breeding, vegetable production, live stock and forage crops at the Dominion Experimental Station. His assistant is “Bill” Andrew '44. Mr. Fleming gave me some news of other Ags, to wit: V. B. Robinson '20 who has been successively district superintendent of agricultural education at Penticton, B.C., editor of *Farm and Home*, manager of Regal Fruit Products and is now thought to be with the WPTB in Vancouver; C. C. Kelley '25, drainage surveyor at Kelowna, B.C.; C. T. Tapp '19 with the Plant Products Division of Seeds, Feeds and Fertilizer Control, Postal Station C, Vancouver; T. H. Hagerman '19, farming at Parkland, Alberta; N. F. Bell '19, district agriculturist at Drumheller, formerly superintendent of an Illustration Station at Scott, Saskatchewan; and Neil Bosomworth '40, field man for B.C. Pea Growers, Armstrong, B.C. . . Capt. R. T. Hollies '21 of Royal Canadian Engineers Overseas and a life member of the Association, writes in part as follows: “It is four years this month since I left home [and Bob did his bit in '14-'18!]. There are two other U. of A. Engineers in our outfit, Lieut.-Col. J. G. Tatham '33 and Major Harry Hunter '27. I suppose you have met my son, Norman '44. He hadn't started U. of A. when I left. Remember me to any of the old-timers.” . . Gunner Arthur R. Morgan '22 of 13th Light A.A. Battery, RCA (CA), MPO, 1105 Port Alberni, B.C., adds some needed fuel for the Association fire and enquires, “Have you any addresses of members of classes '21, '22, '23 in B.C. or are any of our old professors out here?” Will those who qualify please get in touch with Mr. Morgan?

On the 10th of July a very pleasant chat with my classmate “Bill” Jewitt '23, whose wife was Gen. Jackson '21. Bill has been associated for years with the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Trail, B.C., as an engineer. He now lives there at 207 Ritchie Ave. Bill spoke of his brother Walter '27, who had gone first to Noranda Copper in Quebec, then to the Gold Coast of West Africa, and finally to S.W. Africa. He also mentioned Alex. Jackson '23 of Wilkinson Linatex Co., 417 St. Peter St., Montreal, and “Big Six” Langford (one of our contemporaries—his wife was Irene Frazer '23) who has left the staff of the University of Toronto (his *alma mater*) to be director of a new department in the Ontario Government. . . Another summer visitor was Jack Howe '25 (Dept. of Agriculture, Hope, Kingston P.O., Jamaica). He looked very

fit, but was obviously enjoying the change. Jack also had news, as follows: George Mail '25, '29, Radnor Road, Radnor, Penna., U.S.A., with a penicillin manufacturing company; Wilfred Malaher '25 with the Wheat Acreage Reduction Board in Winnipeg; D. A. McCannel '24 with the WPTB in Ottawa; also in Ottawa: "Fag" Malloch '24, '26, chemical warfare, National Research Council; "Alf" Leahey '25, '27, Experimental Farm Service, Dominion Dept. of Agriculture; "Max" Palmer, '23 with Dept. of Trade and Commerce; and Bob Cameron '32 with the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. . . From "information received" I learn that Mrs. Kenneth M. Royer (née Irma Raver '23) was visiting at her mother's home in Edmonton this summer. She lives at 104 South Walnut St., Mayville, Wisconsin. . . One man at the University who is working very hard at his job as secretary of the Committee for Rehabilitation of Service Personnel is the librarian, D. E. Cameron. While on a well-deserved holiday at the Coast, Mr. Cameron ran across some alumni and, typically thoughtful, told me about them. There were Dr. ('33) and Mrs. H. R. Turner (née Margaret Ennis '38) at Oak Bay, Victoria; E. L. Churchill '23 of the B.C. Dept. of Education, at 1015 Tolmie St., Victoria; W. R. Foster '28, '30 of the B.C. Dept. of Agriculture at Cadboro Bay, Victoria; and Sheila Marryat '23, Beaver Hill Lake Road, Royal Oak, near Victoria. . . Another faculty visitor to the Coast who is keenly interested in her girls is Miss Patrick. At the convention of the Canadian Dietetic Association held in Victoria this May, Miss Patrick saw quite a number of her Household Economics graduates who are dietitians in the B.C. area: Phyllis Wolochow '42 at the Vancouver General Hospital; Lieut. Sister Margaret Hannah '41 stationed in Victoria; Persis Capsey '41 near Vancouver with the RCAF (WD); Mrs. G. W. Haug (née Jean Hamilton) '39 at Port Alberni Hospital, B.C.; Betty Lawson '24 and Ardyce Reynolds '40 at the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria; Gertrude Chamberlain '30 and Georgia Graham '40 at the Hudson's Bay Co., Vancouver; Mrs. G. H. W. Marr (née Peggy Benson) '36 at St. Joseph's Hospital, Victoria; Jean Black '42 and Mrs. D. A. Raworth (née Grace Sutherland) '40 at St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver; Olga Lesiuk '36, Isabel Howson '41 and Margaret Copeland '42 at Shaughnessy Military Hospital, Vancouver; Gertrude Gattenmeyer '41, Dorene Stetson '42, Betty Ross '41, and Shirley Kerr '43 all at the Vancouver General Hospital. Emily Mayhew '28 is on the Vancouver School Board, Jean McEwen '32 is teaching Household Economics in the Vancouver schools; Mrs. Austin Frith (née Mary Woodworth) '43 is an assistant in H.Ec. at U.B.C.; Mrs. G. W. Nairn (née Isabel Cooper) '32 is living in Vancouver (3960 W. 33rd Ave.), and has a year old son, Gary; Mrs. J. E. Smith (née Olive Grant) '34 has three sons, John, Ronald, and Murray (2595 Lincoln Road, Victoria, B.C.); Mrs. R. Wilson (née Ethel Stibbards '34 is making her home in Vancouver (606 W. 20), as is Mrs. A. M. Johnson (née Marjorie McCullough) '39 at 2975 Heather St.; Mrs. John McPhillips (née Connie Clark) '38 is living in Victoria.

That stalwart engineer, "Paddy" Bowman '27, now a major in the transportation branch of General Montgomery's H.Q., says: "I received 300 cigarettes which have been 6½ months catching up to me. I wish you to convey my sincere thanks to the proper quarters" [i.e. to the Edmonton Branch and the Students' Union.] . . . Another such

acknowledgment comes from Dr. Ross H. Cooper '26, who says, "Since our arrival in France the unit has been very busy. Dan Revell '32 is doing a grand job, as is Syd Evans '39. Saw Gordie Johnston '26, '30 the other day. He has an F.S.W. located not far away. Again many thanks."

Time out here to remark that apparently an amazingly high percentage of cigarettes sent by the donors mentioned above reached the persons to whom they were addressed. What is most pleasing to this ex-prisoner of war is to receive cards from Marcel Lambert (Commerce '39-'41), Jack Dunlap '37, Tom Cornett '35, and others saying that the fags had got through to their "Kriegsgefangenen lagerns."

Another alumna, Anna E. Wilson '26, '30 is, according to a "tracer" card, a physician and surgeon in Winnipeg in 303 Medical Arts Building and living at 10 Chelsea Court. Still another med., Alice Joyce McDonald '26, '33, is apparently specializing in physiotherapy at Vancouver General Hospital (her husband, Bill McDonald '23, is a consulting engineer at Yellowknife, N.W.T.). . . Not long ago Hazara Garcha '34, '38 dropped into the office. He is associated with the Sitka Lumber Co. at Vancouver and works among the Sikh community there, his address being Sikh Temple, 1866 West 2nd Ave. . . Dr. D. G. Revell, professor emeritus of Anatomy, a live wire in general, takes a keen interest in the meds. To him I am indebted for the news that Cyril Carver '32 (the most appropriately-named surgeon I've heard of!) has sold his hospital and practice in Emmett, Idaho, and has moved to California. He has bought an office building and practice at 1275 East Green St., Pasadena 5.

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Now for some news of Commerce alumni: Subsequent to graduation William A. Mitchell '36 managed a Safeway store at Shaunavon, Sask., then became associated with the Commercial Credit Corporation first at Calgary then at Toronto, and was managing the Fort William branch when he joined the RCAF. He is a navigator, rank P/O, and is serving overseas. . . Early in July, John Meikle, C.A. '37, dropped in and admitted that he was with the firm of Peat Marwick Mitchell & Co. in Calgary and lived at 721 18th Ave. N.W. In passing he referred to these Commerce friends: Sam Marshall '37, a writer in the RCNVR; John M. Jamieson '38, '39, a squadron leader with the RCAF; Jack Canty '34 and Pete McAskile '36 both re-mustered to air crew from administrative duties with the RCAF; Tim Canty '41 probably returning to Canada after being wounded in Italy while serving with the Loyal Edmonton Regiment; and J. McCameron '35 on loan to a Niagara Falls firm from Canadian Cellulose Cotton Products.

* * * *

A digression here, mainly of interest to Alberta graduates. From the state of the vote at present it appears that the new constitution will be all but unanimously approved. I am sure I speak for all members of the executive committee in appealing for help in carrying out the provisions of the constitution. During these last months of 1944 a new Council must be named. We do not anticipate that the branches and local committees will

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have any trouble in naming one Council member for each 100 members in good standing, but we are anxious that the new plan for regional representatives shall not "stall." These regions as tentatively established at a recent executive meeting are as follows:

- (1) That part of Alberta south of (and including) the main C.P. Railway exclusive of Calgary, Lethbridge, and Medicine Hat;
- (2) That part of Alberta north of region 1 and south of the C.N. Railway from Rocky Mountain House to Red Deer and of the C.P. Railway, Lacombe to Coronation;
- (3) That part of Alberta north of region 2 and south of the main C.N. Railway from Jasper to Edmonton to Wainwright;
- (4) That part of Alberta north of region 3 and east of the C.N. Railway from Edmonton to Athabaska, exclusive of Edmonton;
- (5) That part of Alberta north of region 3 and west of the C.N. Railway from Edmonton to Athabaska, exclusive of Edmonton.

Steps will later be taken to communicate with alumni in each region who are known to be willing to help with the work of the Association. Much is hoped for from the plan though no doubt it will "creak" in the initial stages. An alumnus resident in any of the regions can help by discussing the proposal with other alumni, by agreeing on a candidate (who should be consulted), and finally by nominating him or her to the secretary of the Association. Albertans outside of the cities excluded, here is your chance—please lend a hand!

* * * *

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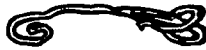
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My last note is based on a newsy letter from F/L Murray Bolton '40. I shall break my rule and give his address: C 11394, RCAF, Sec. 14, Ceylon, to explain what follows: "I picked up a copy of *The New Trail* left here by F/L Stan Kembry (Arts and Dent) when he returned to the U.K. This is a Canadian Flying Boat Squadron—has a number of Alberta boys including F/L Abe Gelman (Arts and Dent)—as all squadrons have, and the old home town still looks good despite the palm trees, tropical nights, and numerous 'wog' servants. I saw Lorne Oatway '41 in Bombay, but he has since gone to Calcutta as Dental Officer for the RCAF in India. Best of luck."

That's the bottom of the mail bag. I hope this issue catches up to many of you somewhere in Germany, the nearer to Berlin the better. My warmest greetings to all, but especially to the service men and women—and I believe I speak for all of us here at the University when I say "God be with you," for that is the old-fashioned way of saying "Good-bye."

Sincerely yours,

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